DARRYNANE

IN

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY ELLEN FITZ-SIMON.

Dedicated (by permission) to
THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY.

LADY, the Poems which I offer thee
Were written, some in days of earliest youth,
Others in my maturer years, while some
Have had their birth in more than middle age.
Their composition hath been unto me
Like health, the pleasure of my pleasant days,
And sweetest solace of my sadder hours.
One merit may at least my verses claim,
That they, if feeble, truly do express
The inmost thoughts and feelings of my heart.
Such as they are, I lay them at thy feet,
A tribute to the goodness and the grace
With which, in happier times, thou didst preside,

Honoured of all, over our Irish Court,—
As some small proof that unforgotten still.
Are thy kind words and thy most generous deeds;
For thou a soul hast "open as the day
To melting charity", and many a time
Have the poor orphan, and the widow lone,
Blessed thee in prayers that must ascend to Heaven!
Accept these verses, then, with gracious smile,
Even as a bunch of wild flowers thou might prize,
Although the garden's choicest treasures lay
Within thy reach,—nor make comparison
Between these trifles and the wond'rous works
Of the great masters of poetic art:
Thus humbly hoping, do I say, farewell!

ELLEN FITZ-SIMON.

GLANCULLEN,
June 4, 1862.

DARRYNANE IN 1832.

"O THOU undying spirit of Poesy",
Although, alas, I cannot boast myself
Thy favoured child, yet midst the ardent crowd
Who seek thy shrine, there breathes not one whose soul
More deeply, more devotedly is thine.
I cannot frame a wizard lay, nor hope
To feel that fire that warms the breasts of those
Who rank among the wonders of the age;
Yet, feeling, as I do, my heart imbued
With love of thee, of nature, of all things
Possessing beauty, majesty, and grace,
May I not dare to raise my feeble voice,
And, touched with some faint sparkles of thy fire,
To sing my humble lay?

From childhood's hour

Thou hast my solace and my pastime been;
Scarce had the first faint beams of reason dawned,
When my "thick coming fancies" shaped themselves
In rhymes uncouth and harsh; yet still I poured
Them forth, unheeding of their worthlessness.
Wilt thou not then thine inspiration lend,
Now when methinks I tread thine own bright realm!
For scenes like these are sure thy favoured haunts.
Dost thou not love the mountain's breezy heights,
The valley with its thousand sparkling rills,
"The echoing torrent, and the cliff sublime"?
And, dearer still, to rove the lonely beach,
Where billows burst in foam upon the rocks—
To watch the sea-bird in its whirling flight,
And list the moaning music of the surge?
Aye!—thou wilt hear thine humble votary's prayer;
Methinks e'en now the rushing of thy wings
Is present and around me. Never yet,
Never, O never, even in those days
When the first buoyancy of youth was mine,
When life seemed opening on my dazzled sight,
One glowing, glorious scene of happiness,
Have I, emotions thrilling, deep and sweet—
Feelings not "of the Earth, nor Earthly", known,
Such as this moment swell within my soul!

I will abroad into the balmy air,
And through the leafy shrubbery wend my way
To where the Moss House from its airy height
(Crested with gray and ivy covered rocks),
Looks down upon a wide and pleasing view;
There sit, and lulled by the unceasing sound
Of the waves rippling on the sand beneath,
Give fancy scope to wander at her will.
Or thence descending, seek the winding road
That to thy harbour leads, sweet Aghavore,
Where all our little fleet in safety ride
In thy unruffled waters, while beyond
The rocks that at thine entrance lift their fronts,
The sea in mountain billows rolls.

Behold!
Even where I stand, I see the breakers dash
In sheets of foam, high 'gainst the steep black sides
Of rugged Scariff, famed in many a tale
Of witchery, though scarce remembered now
Save by some antiquated crone, born long
Before the *School Master* had *gone abroad*,
Or *Intellect* his weary *march* begun!
Across the sands, where the receding tide
Has left free passage to the Abbey Isle,

I shape my course, and soon before me rise
The old gray walls, where once the hymn of praise
Rose to the living God! Now all is still,
Save the shrill whistle of the wild curlew,
Or the loud music of the winds and waves.
I pass the arch, and in the grass-grown aisle
Pause o'er the marble that commemorates,
In plain but energetic phrase, the worth,
Talents, and virtues of those long, long laid
Within the narrow house!

Next seek the path
But faintly traced across the grassy slope,
Where the bright golden blossoms of the furze
With the dark purple of the heath combine,
Forming a tapestry more rich than e'er
Adorned the halls of gorgeous palaces.
With hasty step, I press the thymy turf,
That springs elastic 'neath my foot, and on
Unto the little islet's western bounds,
Where memory tells me of the Scholar's Cave,
Pursue my walk.

The spot is gained, I stand
Gazing with awe into the deep abyss

Where fret the waves in never-ending war
With the fantastic rocks that hem them in.
Sometimes, as larger waves intrude, the noise
Increases, and a shower of feathery spray
Springs high in air, and in the sun's bright beam
A moment sparkles, and is seen no more.
The other caves, though scarce less worthy note,
I pass unheeded by, and gaily climb
The island's central elevated point;
Thence gaze upon the ocean spreading wide,
Studded with many an island. Scariff there
I view, and Dinish, and the green Lamb Isle,
While on the dim horizon's furthest verge
The sister Skelligs lift their pinnacles.
Nearer to home the Two Head Isle appears,
And the "Old Woman's Rock", and opposite
The Derseys stretch, while o'er the hills of Rath
A glimpse of Kenmare's estuary I gain.
But come, no longer must I loiter here,
Or else the rising tide will shut me in
A prisoner.

Hastening to retrace my steps,
Homeward I turn, and pass the Deadman's Gap,
Where, in the olden time, all funerals

Found passage to the Abbey burial ground.
I climb the beach, and quickly passing by
The mansion house, that most irregular,
But picturesque and striking pile, I gain
The antique garden, with its terraces
And avenues of venerable trees:
Thence wander forth into the Meadow Walk—
The Meadow Walk—thus surely much misnamed;
For such a name methinks but ill accords
With a rude path, winding along the verge
Of a wild mountain torrent, that at first
Flings itself across a pile of crags,
Wanders in many windings thro' the glen,
To lose itself for ever in the sea.—
But hold! One better skilled than I, reproves
My flippancy, and gravely tells how once
The only meadow in this wide domain
Was that small spot of level green, where now
The Meadow Walk commences. Hence its name.
But what a change since then! Now, all around
Stretch bright green pastures, and young groves uprear
Their vigorous shoots, where even I recall
Nothing but barren rocks and marshy ground.
Who op'ed this little Eden in the wild?

Who gave to scenes, by nature sternly grand,
The grace and comfort now so striking here?
Why, one who, Fame declares aloud, has wrought
More wondrous changes in the moral world.
The scourge of sycophants, the tyrant's dread,
The pride and glory of his native land!
Who that has seen him in his mountain home,
Surrounded by a merry dark-eyed train
Of laughing elves, that wind him as they please,
Who to their grandsire run in every strait,
Secure for wildest mischief to obtain
Complete impunity, if not applause?
Or who, that saw him with a glistening eye
Watching the sleep of cherub infancy,
Had in that fond and tender parent traced
The conqueror of Wellington—the man
Who first this glorious lesson taught the world,
That what a nation steadily pursues,
Unstained with blood, unsullied by a crime,
Howe'er delayed, must still be hers at last?
Or who, that heard him at the social board,
Returned aweary from the chase at eve,
Talk o'er the varied fortunes of the day,
With boyish eagerness describe the spot
Where first the hare was started, and repeat

Her every winding till the close of all,—
Had recognized the far-famed voice of one
Practised with eloquent appeal to touch
The minds of men—one to whose mighty powers
An alien senate bore unwilling witness!
Enough—perhaps too much—on such a theme:
Yet how could I refrain from pouring forth
The fulness of my heart in fervent praise
Of one so loved, so honoured,—one so well
Deserving love and honour?

Soon, too soon,
I must away, for duty calls me back
To scenes not less beloved, though less sublime:
Yet wheresoe'er I wander, ne'er shall I
Forget thy wild enchantments, Darrynane!
The murmur of thy mountain streams shall still
Be with me in my dreams, and bring me back
In blest illusion to that happy spot:
And when I wake, altho' a sigh may steal
From my full heart to find it but a dream,
A prayer shall rise to Heaven for those I loved,
Whose presence sheds upon thy glens remote
A glory and a gladness all their own!

LINES TO A YOUNG WILLOW

FROM THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

1827.

WEAK scion of a mighty tree!
Where do thy parent branches wave?
Full many a league across the stormy sea,
Where 'gainst Helena's rocks the billows rave,
They shade a lowly grave.

Bright are thy leaves, young plant, and green!
But not unto the laurel's deathless bough
(The fitting wreath to crown a victor's brow)
Dost thou belong; yet is thy parent seen,
Like plume upon a warrior's helm, to wave
Above a hero's grave.

A weeping willow is thy parent stock,
That lowly bends when furious tempests rage,
And 'scapes their rage, even when th' unyielding rock
Is shattered by their force: yet doth it wave
Above a conqueror's grave.

But still its weakness seems to suit the spot:
'T is meet a willow's feeble boughs should wave
Where he, the mighty, whom *his own* forgot,
Nor made one effort from his doom to save,
Sleeps in a captive's grave.

It was a wondrous doom!
That he, who monarchs awed and kingdoms gave
Even as it listed him, should find a tomb
Within a barren isle, and willows wave
Above Napoleon's grave.

Yet had he cause for joy!—
Misfortune salutary lessons gave,
Taught him the residue of life to employ,
To raise his hopes, through One who died to save,
To worlds beyond the grave.

LINES.

Supposed to be written by S. O. R., on finding in a book, after the lapse of many years, some flowers which she had gathered previous to her departure from Germany, her birthplace.

1828.

TOKENS of days long past!
Of my own Germany's romantic bowers!
Pale, shrivelled things, that once were blooming flowers!
Across my soul a pensive shade ye cast.

Thoughts that had buried lain
For many a year; hopes frail, alas! as bright;
Scenes long forgot,—pale flowerets! at your sight
Before my mental vision rise again.

Ye speak of friends beloved,
Who smiled around me when I saw ye last,
Whose smiles for ever from this Earth have pass'd,
To brighter, better, happier realms removed.

I deemed not, at the hour
When to far distant climes about to roam
(As fond remembrances of cherished home),
I gaily culled each brightly blooming flower;

That I should ever gaze
Upon you with a deeper, sadder thought,
A recollection by your blossoms brought
Of more than happy home and childhood's days.

Types are ye, withered flowers,
As here ye lie, decayed, defaced, and dead,
Of hopes destroyed, of fairy visions fled,
Tho' everlasting deemed in youth's gay hours.

Yet, as within the bowers
From whence I snatched ye in your beauty's pride,
Your place was since abundantly supplied
By many, many bright and lovely flowers;

'T is so within my heart.
New hopes, as sweet, though not perhaps as bright,
Have sprung to glad my spirit with their light,
Though the illusions of my youth depart.

And tho' tears dim mine eye
For those beloved ones within the tomb,
The cheering hope dispels my spirit's gloom,
That they have reached the realms of God on high.

THE MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

OH! what a thrilling and delicious feeling
Fills my fond bosom as I gaze on thee,
My beauteous boy! Unto myself revealing
The passionate love thou hast awaked in me.
What bliss to gaze upon thy cherub face,
Thy coral lips, soft cheek, and forehead high—
Thy father's lineaments in thine to trace!
Thou hast his brow, his dark and sparkling eye:
And doubly dear unto thy mother's heart
For that sweet likeness, precious babe, thou art!

And thou art like thy grandsire, "my fair child".
Oh! may I live to see in thee combined
Thy father's virtues, unobtrusive, mild,
With thy dear grandsire's energy of mind

And love of country! How my heart o'erflows
As I anticipate thy future years!
Oh! happy be their entrance and their close!
Yet, though I thus express my hopes and fears,
With heartfelt truth I say, "Heaven's will be done!"
Yet, oh! sweet Heaven, protect and bless my son!

THE MOUNTAIN GLEN.

'T was a wild and lonely glen, yet seemed
To me a place of beauty. The clear stream
Now hoarsely murmuring o'er its pebbly bed,
Now sleeping tranquilly, but dark and deep,
Now flowing through the soft green spreading turf
(Sprinkled with violets, with cowslips sweet,
And all those flowers which nature's lavish hand
Sheds forth unasked, surpassing in their bloom
The gaudy tenants of the gay parterre),
Each moment varied, and each moment pleased.
In one sequestered nook, from high there fell
A streamlet, small, but sparkling, clear and bright,
Forming a miniature cascade. Beyond,

Following the river's course, and on the brow
Of the opposing hill, a pathway led
To where a moss-grown and heath-covered rock
(Well known to the frequenters of the spot)
Offered a pleasant seat, from whence the eye
Strayed o'er a scene of rich and varied beauty,
O'er verdant plains, o'er rich luxuriant woods,
O'er splendid mansions, and o'er humble cots;
Bounded on one side by the spreading sea,
On whose blue waves were many white sails seen,
And on the other by majestic hills,
For beauty famed, even in this beauteous isle.
What happy days have I in wandering spent
Through this sweet valley, ne'er to be forgot!
And still I hope with those whose presence made
Of it a paradise, again to roam
Its well-known paths, and think upon the hour
When last I trod them. Happy then was I,
Glowing with hope. Yet am I happier now,
More calmly happy; for domestic peace
Is mine, and mine are all a mother's joys,—
A mother's happiness, too deep for words!

FRAGMENT.

NAY, hear me *now;* for, long before
The lingering summer hence has fled,
Ere autumn's foliage strews the shore,
My Earthly sufferings will be o'er,
This trembling heart will beat no more,
And I shall rest among the dead.

You say I speak of death as nigh,
While yet my cheek retains its bloom;
While fire unusual lights mine eye;
While still my voice sounds firm and high:
All this is true—and yet I die,
And yet I hasten to the tomb.

Upon a lovely morn in May,
Have you not marked a blooming flower
Wooing the bright beams of the day?
And yet, ere morn had passed away,
Have you not marked it quick decay,
And perish ere the evening hour?

'T is so with me. Sudden and still,
Death's icy hand hath grasped my heart,
And, like a dark and frozen rill,
The once warm tides my veins that fill,
I feel each moment grow more chill,
And warn me life and I must part.

THE SISTER'S LAMENT.

AND must we seek our island home, across
the stormy wave,
And leave thee, our beloved one, within a cheerless
grave?
Ah! different were our feelings far, when first the
sea we crossed,
For then in youth and beauty's bloom wert thou,
our loved, our lost.

Oh! light of heart and gay with hope, thou left'st
thy happy home,
Thy mother, and thy native land, to distant climes
to roam;

And tho' thy tears fell fast at first to leave that
mother's side,
Yet dreams of joy and happiness full soon their
fountains dried.

For thou didst feel the strong desire to see Colum-
bia's land,
To which her choicest gifts were given by nature's
lavish hand;
And while thy youthful fancy drew bright visions of
that shore,
Thou didst not doubt thou soon shouldst see thy
cherished home once more.

Alas! alas! how shall I tell our mother the sad
tale?
Even at the thought, my heart grows chill, my
spirits faint and fail.
How shall I answer, when aloud she cries, with
anguish wild:
"Where hast thou left thy sister? oh! where hast
thou left my child?"

The disappointments that have come our high-
wrought hopes to blight;

The cares and toils we have endured, we would have
held as light:
Privations, pains, and sufferings we would have
calmly borne:
But must for ever weep for thee, from our affections
torn.

At morn thou wast in health's bright bloom, but ere
the evening came,
The wasting finger of disease had seized upon thy
frame;
And when the sun's first glimmering ray upon the
Earth was shed,
The cherished sister of my heart lay numbered with
the dead.

E'en those who knew thee not in life bewailed thy
early doom,
And joined us in the mournful task to lay thee in
thy tomb;
For ev'ry heart was touched to think that thou
shouldst be laid low,
A victim to the pity thou didst feel for others'
woe.

For 't was when thou didst bend above an infant's
couch of pain,
On which, by all save thee alone, abandoned she
had lain,
The virulent contagion seized upon thy fragile form,
And stilled for aye the pulses of that heart so kind
and warm.

For this those strangers planted flowers upon thy
lowly grave,
And bade each light and graceful tree its branches
o'er thee wave.
'T was some slight comfort to our hearts to think
that thus this spot
Would be still sacred held by all, nor thou, *even*
here, forgot.

And though I still must mourn thy loss, dear sister
of my heart,
Yet does it soothe my bitter grief to think how blest
thou art,
That thou for brighter realms hast left this world of
sin and pain,
And fervently and humbly pray that we may meet
again.

Though I must seek a distant land, and far from
thee depart,
Yet shall the memory of thee still linger in my
heart;
And when within our mother's home we all again
are met,
Tho' time may heal the wounds of grief, we *never*
shall forget!

And often when at evening we are gathered round
the hearth,
And cheerful jest and tale and song inspire the
heart with mirth,
A sudden, sadd'ning thought of thee our spirits will
come o'er,
And tears will fall for her who sleeps on Margarita's
shore.

ON REVISITING L——.

OH! many and many a circling year has past,
Since last I trod this well-remembered scene,
And many a strange event has chanced since last
I trod those moss-grown walks and alleys green:
Yet here no tokens of a change have been.
Still the dark foliage of the chesnut trees,
In its rich beauty as of old, is seen;
Still the bright beeches bend to court the breeze:—
Would I could say that all remains unchanged like these!

No, no: though grove and lawn and trees and flow'rs
Unchanged may be throughout the lapse of years,
Time's passage through this "work-day world" of ours
Is still by changes marked that wake our tears.
Even now before my mental eye appears
The form of one no longer seen on Earth;
A voice for ever hushed sounds in mine ears,

As once it gave the soul of music birth,
Or waked the echoes of these groves with joyous
mirth.

And other forms before my vision rise,
As through these well-belovéd haunts I stray,—
She, for whose recent loss still friendship sighs,
And *he* who long from Earth has passed away:
Both, both have mingled with their kindred
clay,—
The tender mother, and the priest of God,—
Both left the "precincts of the cheerful day",—
She calmly sleeps beneath her native sod,
He lies in those high climes snatched from Spain's
despot rod.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S PRAYER.

CCEPT, great Lord! the heartfelt thanks I
bring
For all the good thou hast vouchsafed to me;
And oh! accept this spotless offering,
This sinless being I present to Thee

Oh! grant he still may walk in virtue's way;
Oh! grant him grace to avoid the snares of Hell;
So that he never may be led astray,
Nor 'gainst Thy sacred law, great God! rebel.

On me, dread Lord! Thy mercies Thou dost pour—
On me, a sinful and most wretched slave:
Of choicest blessings Thou hast given me store,
And snatched me from the chill and dreary grave.
Oh! grant this prayer, my Saviour meek and mild,
Who canst with hope the trembling sinner raise;
Grant that myself, my husband, and my child
In Heaven may sing Thy everlasting praise.

LINES ADDRESSED TO E. F. T.

In the spring of 1831.

I STAND within my native isle, green Erin of the Streams;
Around me glen and hill and plain bask in the noontide beams.

The violet clothes the mossy bank, the young buds deck the trees,
And the sweet voice of spring is heard to murmur in the breeze.

The wild bird's song of joyousness, the streamlet's lulling sound,
The balmy freshness of the air, the soothing calm around,
Inspire my mind with musings deep and sweet on days gone by,
And bid scenes long departed rise again to memory's eye.

Before me stretch the Pyrenees in grandeur stern and bold,
Beneath a sky of deepest blue, a sun of molten gold.
The Southern Peak, snow crowned, tow'rs high; the vine clad hills arise;
And the Gave thro' its sweet valley winds, an Earthly Paradise.

High on the hill I view Bilhére, by memory unforgot.
How many recollections crowd to consecrate that spot!

'T was there that France's good *Henri* his early
gambols played,
And, dearer thought, there *thou*, my friend, thy
happy dwelling made.

And now across the ancient park mine eye delighted
roves;
I seek its cooling shade again; I wander through its
groves:
And lingering there till evening gray has deepened
into night,
I list the beetle's drowsy hum, and mark the glow-
worm's light.

The castle in its majesty arises to my view,
Recalling to my mind the days of feudal pomp anew,
When Gaston's tower reëchoed to the tread of
knights of fame,
Or Valois' Margaret reared those halls that bear
e'en now her name.

Nor be thy highest boast forgot, thou proud and
stately pile,
Which wins thee rev'rence from the good, respect
e'en from the vile,—

That 'neath thy roof Navarre's great Henry drew
his earliest breath.
And from his grandsire learned to dread dishonour
more than death.

Yet 't is not the remembrance of this spirit-stirring
theme,
Tho' fitting to inspire a poet's most enraptured
dream,
Nor the high visions of the heroes of the olden
time,
That prompt me to pour forth my soul in this rude
gush of rhyme.

No; although at thy very name, Béarn, the thoughts
are led
To wander back around the memory of the mighty
dead;
Tho' Sully's, Biron's, Crillon's forms flit by in fancy's
glass,
Far other thoughts—far other forms before my
vision pass.

I think on those delightful days, when in that sunny
clime,

Thou, my Elizabeth, and I met in our youth's sweet prime,
And of the happy youthful group, the manly and the fair,
Who in its mirth and joyousness with us were wont to share.

How different their destinies! One gentle and refined,
Follows the soldier's dreadful trade 'neath India's scorching wind,
Far from his well-belovéd friends, his cherished native shore,
While hope exulting dreams of days when they shall meet once more.

And one, a youthful senator, amid the patriot band,
Hath eloquently raised his voice for his dear native land.
One wears the British uniform; one Austria's banner owns:
Two gayer and more gallant soldiers never fought for thrones.

And one, whose buoyant spirit seemed above the cares of Earth,
Who roved thro' life as though it were one changeless scene of mirth;
Whose wit was keen and playful, and whose heart was kind and brave—
He died unfriended and alone, and fills a foreign grave!

Yet, tho' his timeless fate from us must claim the bitter sigh,
And at the word th' unbidden tear will start from ev'ry eye,
Our hearts must glow with gratitude, that Heaven has deigned to spare
Each nearer, dearer object of our fond and anxious care.

Nor must I pass unnoticed by the gentle maidens' fate:
Tho' some of them have known since then a happy change of state,
I boast myself a happy mother and a happy wife,
And know that others share, like me, the joys and cares of life.

While some, to all who know their worth, their many virtues dear,
Still with their presence and their smiles their happy parents cheer.
May Heaven on them—on us—on all—its choicest blessings pour,
And may we ev'ry day deserve those blessings more and more!

A SPANISH BALLAD.

O H! shun to cross by midnight the Ebro's dark blue wave,
Where oft the wretched traveller hath found a timeless grave:
For should you 'scape the dreaded wrath of the o'erwhelming storm,
Yet still your sight may blasted be by some unearthly form.

For it is said the spirit of the waters is seen there,
With gleaming eye, and fiendish laugh, and loosely flowing hair;

And woe and deadly woe to him to whom that sprite appears:
Full soon shall sire, or son, or spouse for him shed bitter tears.

And there are seen the ghosts of those who in the foaming tide
Were plunged by cruel Saracens when flushed with conquest's pride.
Now Heaven rest their souls, I pray, and holy saints them save;
But never will I cross by night the Ebro's dark blue wave.

THE FATHER'S LAMENT FOR HIS SONS.

From the Irish.

OH! loudly wailed the wintry wind, the driving sleet fell fast,
The ocean billows wildly heaved beneath the bitter blast.

My three fair sons, ere break of day, to fish had
left the shore:
The tempest came forth in its wrath: they ne'er
returned more.

Cormac, 'neath whose unerring aim the wild duck
fell in flight,
The plover of the lonesome hills, the curlew swift as
light!
My first-born child! the flower of youth! the dear-
est and the best!
Oh! would that thou wert spared to me, though I
had lost the rest!

And thou, my handsome Felix, in whose eyes so
dark and bright
The soul of courage and of wit looked forth in
laughing light!
And Daniel, too, my fair-haired boy, the gentle and
the brave,
All, all my stately sons were whelmed beneath the
foaming wave.

Upon the shore in wild despair your aged father
stood,

And gazed upon his Daniel's corse too late snatched
from the flood.
I saw him pale and lifeless lie, no more to view the
light;
And cold and dumb and motionless my heart grew
at the sight.

My children! my loved children! do you view my
bitter grief?
Look down upon your poor old sire, whose woe
knows no relief:
The sunshine of my life is gone, the comfort of my
heart:
My life of life! my soul of soul! I 've seen from
Earth depart.

What am I now? An aged man, to earth by
sorrow bowed.
I weep within a stranger's home, alone even in a
crowd.
There is no sorrow like to mine, no grief like mine
appears.
My once gay Christmas is weighed down with sor-
row and with tears.

My sons! my sons! abandoned to the fury of the waves!
Would I could reach the two who lie in ocean's darksome caves!
'T would bring some comfort to my heart in earth to see them laid,
And hear in Affadown the wild lamentings for them made.

Oh! would that, like the gay *wild geese*, my sons had left this land,
And their poor father in his age, to seek a foreign strand!
Then might I hope the Lord of Heaven in mercy would restore
My brave and good and stately sons in time to me once more.

TO SPRING.

SWEET Spring! again thy genial breath
Reanimates our fields,
And icy Winter, type of death!
To thee the sceptre yields.
Thou hast brought us fresh and balmy gales,
The song of birds, the flowery vales.

The streamlet sparkling leaps along,
The rivers calmly sleep,
The cuckoo gives her piercing song,
And forth the flow'rets peep;
The violet 'neath the hedge is seen,
And primrose in its tufts of green.

O Spring! bright Spring! how sweet thou art
In our dear native land!
For here thy beauties touch the heart,
And give those feelings bland
Which make us deem it wondrous bliss
To live, and live mid scenes like this.

STANZAS.

Composed on reading in the Eighth Number of Moore's Melodies, the lines beginning, "The dream of those days".

1831.

NO; I cannot believe it. Some foe to the fame
And the honour of Moore, has made use of his name.
No; I WILL not believe it: it cannot be true,
That Moore, my loved Erin, is faithless to you.

What! Moore, by the pathos and pow'r of whose songs
Even England was roused to a sense of our wrongs!
Moore, renowned as our *Patriot Bard* through the Earth,—
Moore, to shrink from the cause of the land of his birth!

To join in the ranks of the mean and the vile,
Who a pitiful province would keep this fair isle!

He! who prophesied once, "although long in the shade,
Her star should shine out when the brightest should fade"!

Alas! 't is too true! Well, the big tear may start,
And the deep sigh of sorrow burst forth from my heart,
But that sigh and that tear are the first and the last,
And my reverence for Moore to the winds I will cast.

For, who can respect one that, god-like in mind,
To "party gives up what was meant for mankind"?
Who, to forward the mean, selfish ends of a few,
A stigma, my countrymen, flings upon you?

Aye, on you, and on me, and on all who dare ask
For freedom, and call our oppressors to task,
Who refuse to kneel down in the dust at the nod
Of the whigs, and with thanks and with praise kiss the rod.

For this he reviles us as mean and as base,
As degenerate sons of a patriot race—

We! whose heart-pulse but throbs with the hope
to obtain
That Erin shall be what she was once again.

And though all our fond expectations of fame,—
Of obtaining in Moore's glowing pages a name
That should live in all ages,—be vanished and gone,
Untiring, unshrinking, we 'll still struggle on.

And when of our freedom arises the morn,
To Moore will we turn, more in sorrow than scorn
(While the flush of repentance shall rise on his
brow),
We will ask: "Are we base and degenerate now?"

ADDRESS OF CORA

(A favourite poodle).

TO THE DOWAGER LADY ESMOND.

1827.

DEAR lady, by whose generous hand
So oft I 've been caressed and fed,
That you may clearly understand
My gratitude, I now am led

To borrow an old playmate's pen,
And humbly to address you,
Whilst all around, both dogs and men
Unite with me to bless you.

At first it may seem strange, I own,
The letter of a dog to see;
But letters now, 't is too well known,
Are penned by sadder dogs than me;
And when such stupid Orange logs
As Newcastle and Kenyon write,
Why may not patriotic dogs
Like me expose their thoughts to light?

I 'm sure that every one must feel
That I have been a patriot stout,
Have quiet lain in scorn of Peel,
And for O'Connell danced about.
Yet, had I practised different tricks,
I must have sinned against the light,
Since still, to guide my politics,
Your patriotism shone clear and bright.

But now, to finish this digression
(Which too abstruse for me I find),

I merely wish to give expression
Unto the feelings of my mind
For the great kindness shown by you
To me, a dog of merit small,
Although you seek no thanks, 't is true,
For doing good, alike, to all.

You shun the grateful thanks and praise
Of those who to your bounty owe
The peace and comfort of their days—
All they enjoy and all they know;
Who from your generous hand receive
The boon of intellectual light,
Without which man but seems to live,
Plunged in the gloom of mental night.

And dare I then, while those refrain
To force themselves upon your view,
Presume in this unworthy strain
To lavish thanks and praise on you?
No, while respect these mortals awes
From yielding to their feelings' sway,
Dog as I am, the self-same cause
Affects me in the self-same way.

But thus much I may boast aloud,
That never on this Earth has moved
A dog, however great or proud,
Whose mistress was more truly loved.
Yes; life itself must fade away
Ere I for even an hour forget
The kind protectress, 'neath whose sway
I live, a gay and happy pet.

And when I die (as die I must,
And that at no far distant day),
And join me to my native dust,
To this request attention pay:
Within your garden make my grave,
Upon it shed one kindly tear,
And say, sole epitaph I crave:
"Cora, a faithful dog, lies here".

POSTSCRIPT.

Written a year later.

A YEAR has passed since this was penned,
And humbly to the care consigned
Of one I fondly deemed my friend:
But dogs, like men, too oft are blind.
My trust was cruelly betrayed,
(This tale will shock your gentle breast);
For Margaret (deceitful maid!)
My letter treacherously suppressed.

Had I recalled her many wiles
Against my peace in days gone by,—
How, lured by her deceitful smiles,
Beneath the pump, half drowned was I,—
I ne'er had given the precious scroll
I destined for my mistress' eyes,
Into the charge of one, whose sole
Delight in fun and mischief lies.

But ah! the worst part of the tale
Is yet to come. By this delay
All my allusions have grown stale,
My points no longer suit the day.
What was a hit twelve months ago,
Is now both trite and commonplace.—
Then say have I not cause for woe?
And is not mine a piteous case?

An ancient proverb, and a true,
Says: "It is better late than never".
'T is this that makes me offer you
Those lines, though neither new nor clever.
Though poor, though stale, though out of date,
They still my gratitude express;
And whatsoe'er may be their fate,
My gratitude can ne'er be less.

CORA.

THE CLARE PEASANT'S
ADDRESS TO THE RIVER FERGUS IN 1829.

See a speech of T. Steele.

1830.

YE waters of the Fergus, that flow onward to the sea,
And murmur, as ye pass along, a thrilling melody,
List to the words I speak to ye, the words of joy and pride,
And bear them with ye on your path to join the ocean wide.

Tell the waters of the Fergus that, five hundred years ago,
Flowed on to join the ocean even as ye this moment flow,
That the long, long desolating night of slavery is past,
And the voice of Freedom sounds again triumphant on the blast.

That O'Connell has achieved for us our long contested right,
And Erin, freed from civil feuds, will soon assert her might—
A kingdom, not a province, she 'll look forth upon the wave,
The equal of proud England, her sister, not her slave!

A SONG.

YOU ask why on this pallid cheek
Sorrow, not Time, his trace has left,
Why sighs my bosom's anguish speak,
Why seem I of sweet hope bereft?
It is an all too common tale
Of woman's sordid perfidy:
Gold made a rival's suit prevail,
And she I loved abandoned me.

Yet deem not the abasement mine,
For loss of such a heart to mourn:
I 'd blush, before so mean a shrine
The incense of pure love to burn.

No! no! even in the very hour
When first her worthlessness I knew,
O'er my proud heart she lost her power
Which nothing now can e'er renew.

Then why, you say, these constant sighs,
That sunken eye, that hollow cheek?
If you the faithless one despise,
Of deep felt love why do these speak?
Alas! I grieve that she hath torn
The glowing veil that mocked my sight,
And in life's unsuspicious morn
Showed nought but visions of delight.

With altered eyes mankind I see;
I view them treacherous, selfish, cold,—
And though youth lingers still with me,
My heart hath withered and grown old!
May soon again shall glad the Earth,
And flowers shall bloom, and birds shall sing;
But there 's for Hope no second birth,
For seared and blighted hearts no spring!

THE SPECTRE.

A FRAGMENT.

"NAY, do not deem that I speak jestingly,
Nor my strange tale delusion of the sight!
As sure as yonder sun shines cheeringly,
I saw Lord Edward's buried form last night,
Shrouded in a sepulchral robe of white
Stained with the ruddy life-drops from his heart,
Dim were those eyes, that shone so purely bright
When last from these old towers he did depart,
While all cried, Bless thee, brave and beauteous as thou art!"

'T was thus spoke Anselm, a domestic old,
Who long had served the barons of Dunore.
To Father Hugh his wondrous tale he told,
The castle chaplain, famed for worth and lore.
Twice did he make the old man tell it o'er,
And listened with a grave and thoughtful air;
Then spoke, "My friend, thy story moves me more
Than thou canst deem. But first I would know where

And also at what hour of yesternight,
This apparition met thy scared and wondering
sight".

"'T was when the castle bell had just tolled one,
As o'er the northern battlements I passed,
Returning from the warder's tower alone,
While fell the rain and loudly wailed the blast,
A pale blue light across my path was cast,
And lo! before me stood Lord Edward's form
Bloody and pale! I stood as one aghast,
And heeded not the pelting of the storm,
While beat my heart with wild tumultuous alarm.

"Scarce had I gazed on him a moment's space,
While on my forehead stood cold terror's dew,
When, with a look that nothing can efface
From my remembrance, near to me he drew,
But at that moment loudly the cock crew,
On which he vanished. All I have to tell
Is this. Believe me, father, it is true
As aught that ever upon Earth befell.
I saw it plainly, 't was not a vain dream.
Now say why should it move thee more than I
could deem?"

"Strange is the tale, my son, that thou dost tell,
And hard to be believed", the priest replied.
"And yet it doth accord but all too well
With what did to myself last night betide.
I saw along the eastern gallery glide
What time the moon was rising o'er the wave
And brightly shed her beams upon the tide,
A figure clad in garments of the grave,
And stained with blood". . . . .

A SPANISH BALLAD.

THE morn is bright, and calm the night,
The starry sky serene;
Beneath the walls of Malva's halls
A cavalier is seen.

Dark is his eye, his bearing high:
His jewelled cap and plume
Hang o'er a brow, though open, now
O'ershadowed with deep gloom.

Oft, oft he sighs, his brilliant eyes,
On yon high casement fixed,
In their dark gleam express a beam
Of hope and anguish mixed.

Yet not a sound is heard around,
The lattice opens not,
Though since the day's declining rays
He lingers in that spot.

At length o'erworn, and fearing morn
May find him in that place,
He sings this strain, subdued and plain,
With melody and grace.

SONG.

"My Inez! 'neath thy castle wall
Thy Guzman waits since day's decline,
In hopes, dear love, to tell thee all
The doubts, the agonies, the fears,
That rack my troubled breast,
That force to flow th' unbidden tears,
That rob me of my rest.
Come, Inez, come, these doubts remove;
Assure thy Guzman of thy love".

His simple strain is sung in vain;
Still Inez answers not.
The night is done; the rising sun
Still finds him on that spot.

Within the walls of Malva's halls
A sudden sound he hears
Of mirth and glee, of revelry
That wakes his direst fears.

The portals wide are thrown aside,
Forth comes a festive throng,
With wreathed smiles and sportive wiles
And minstrelsy and song;

And, sight of woe! his hated foe,
With Inez by his side,
In rich array, smiling and gay,
His newly wedded bride!

A deep drawn sigh from some one nigh
Strikes sudden on her ear:
She starts and turns—with blushes burns
To see Don Guzman near.

He cannot speak; but pallid cheek
And quivering lip declare
His thoughts as well as tongue could tell
Unto that lady fair.

She hurries by, nor dares her eye
On him again to fix,
But with the crowd so gay and loud
She hastens on to mix.

Away he glides: his face he hides:
Word never more he spoke:
But, ere the day had passed away,
That true and fond heart broke.

A SONG.

"Yon old gray stone on the green hillside".

1835.

THERE is not on this Earthly sphere
A spot my spirit holds more dear
Than the wild path that winds beside
Yon old gray stone on the green hillside.

There have I sat in days gone by,
And listened to the west wind's sigh,
And sweeter sounds I have heard beside
Yon old gray stone on the green hillside.

There, in the early morn of youth,
I listened to the vows of truth,—
The love that was and is my pride,—
By yon gray stone on the green hillside.

Oh! while the life-blood warms my heart,
Those memories shall ne'er depart,
But hallow the wild path beside
Yon old gray stone on the green hillside.

A SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Written when leaving Ireland.

AIR—*Le Brigantine.*

THE vessel glides
Along the foam,
And bears me from
My cherished home.
Soon England's strand
Shall meet my view.—
My native land,
My home, adieu!

I gaze upon
The rocky shore;
The mountains rise
Abrupt and hoar:
Their aspect grand
Adorns the view.
My native land,
Mountains, adieu!

A Song.

Within those hills
  A little nest
Contains the birds
  That I love best.
Fond thoughts of them
  My soul subdue.
Home of my heart,
  My babes, adieu!

I go to one
  I love still more,
To bring him back
  To Erin's shore.
May Heaven above
  Bless us and you!
Babes of my love,
  Sweet home, adieu!

LINES.

Supposed to be written by an Invalid.

1835.

THE fresh sea breeze, the fresh sea breeze,
It blows upon my fevered brow,
And "eating cares" and fell disease—
Their spell no longer binds me now.
Once more my blood untroubled flows;
Once more my pulses calmly play;
My care-worn heart with rapture glows,
As once, when life was in its May.

As blows the breeze across my cheek,
Long-buried forms again appear,
And voices, hushed for ever, speak
In the waves' murmurs to mine ear.
I know, alas! these things but seem,
Too wide they differ from the truth,
Yet welcome e'en the fleeting dream
That brings back hope and joy and youth.

MORTON DEVEREUX TO ISORA.

A Paraphrase from *Devereux.*

ISORA, my beloved one! tho' years have passed away
Since thou, who seemed not of the Earth, rejoined thy kindred clay,
Tho' many a clime I 've wandered through, and many a varied scene,
Yet present to my spirit still the thought of thee hath been.

I 've sought a prince's love to win, and joined the glittering train
Of those who hover round a throne, the heartless and the vain;
And while to all I seemed, like them, a courtier light and free,
Within my inmost soul I thought unceasingly of thee.

I 've mingled at the festive board, when sparkled
wit and wine,
And when the voice of mirth was loud, not silent
then was mine,
But yet, mine own and only love! whate'er I
seemed to be,
Still deeply, fondly, mournfully, my spirit thought
thought on thee!

I 've sought on many a bloody field to gain the
wreath of fame,
And monarchs lavished thanks and praise and
honours on my name:
While unto all a warrior proud and stern I seemed
to be,
Still thrilled within my bosom's core the memory of
thee.

Oh! little deemed the thoughtless crowd, who saw
me in my pride,
And marked my cold sarcastic speech, my glance
that all defied,
How fond, how soft, how doating, once this wi-
dowed heart could be,
And still with what strong deathless love it thought,
mine own, on thee.

Yet though amidst the bustling scenes and busy haunts of life—
The court, the banquet hall, the camp, the bloody field of strife,—
Thine image rose before me still, 't is in the silent night
My soul communion holds with thine more calmly, purely bright.

'T is when all Earthly sounds are hushed, and Earthly cares at rest,
And darkness mantles round the couch my wearied limbs have pressed,
Before mine eyes thine image comes, not mantled in thy shroud,
But light and beautiful as when our love was first avowed.

And then my spirit, freed awhile from ev'ry Earthly stain,
Ascending, soars far, far beyond this world of care and pain,
And holy transports fill my soul, and trembling hopes arise,
That I may one day reach that Heaven where ev'ry sorrow dies.

And though the vision flies with morn, yet doth that hope so blest
Inspire a sweet and healing calm within my troubled breast;
And though my Earthlier feelings come to chase it far away,
Yet doth it, as the night returns, again resume its sway.

Oh! sweeter seems it then to me, to live in dreams like this,
Than aught this fleeting world could give of Earthly joy and bliss;
I mourn not then thine early doom, I know thou liv'st on high,
And trembling, hope to meet again in realms beyond the sky!

SONNETS TO SLEEP.

1835.

I.

I DO not love thee, cruel sleep! To me
Thou art a step-dame, who bestowest more
Than half my rightful due to swell the store
Of thine own favoured children. Oft I see
(Without one single hour vouchsafed by thee)
The livelong night wear tediously away,
And morn replace it with her sober gray;
And then thou comest as in mockery
(While others rise refreshed, and haste to breathe
The balmy air), and layest thy poppy wreath
Upon my brow, then sudden slumbers steep
My wearied frame, but ghastly dreams arise,
Calling the loved and lost before mine eyes,
Till, drowned in tears, I wake, nor pray for further sleep!

II.

ANOTHER night,—if not of sleeplessness,
Yet still of fevered dreams and broken rest,
And now I wake, in spirits more deprest
Than is my wont; no language can express
The melancholy feelings which oppress
And weigh me down. But, no, I will not yield!
One struggle, and the foe will quit the field!
Let me but think what blessings I possess,
A cheerful home, a husband kind and dear,
Children, whose health, and strength, and tameless glee
Fill even strange gazers with fond sympathy,
And many a friend well tried and valued near,
And books mine hours of solitude to cheer:—
Vapours avaunt! Ye shall not master me!

III.

WISELY thou saidst, O Sancho, "Blest be sleep!
And he, its first inventor! Like a cloak
It wraps one round!" Words which, tho' lightly spoke,

Do yet contain a meaning true and deep :—
Now, as I feel its soothing influence creep
Over my frame, from illness weak and worn,
I hail it, as the mariner forlorn
Might hail the beacon blazing from the steep,
Cheering his soul with promise of return
To that dear home where all he loves the best,—
His babes, his mother, and his trembling wife,—
Are wearying Heaven with prayers to guard his life,
And lead him safely to that place of rest!—
Come, then, to me, sweet sleep, and lull me on thy breast!

A VALENTINE.

'TIS all in vain—I cannot speak the feelings of my heart,
I cannot paint how good, how sweet, how beautiful thou art;
I cannot show the deep, deep love that fills this heart of mine,
I can but humbly pray that thou wilt be my *Valentine!*

My Valentine! To most it seems a light and idle word,
But by the very sound what thrills within my heart are stirred.
To me it breathes of hope, of truth, of constancy divine—
And so it breathes the same to you, and be my Valentine.

Years winter hath been lingering long and ruthlessly around,
And spring, affrighted, still delays from her accustomed ground;
But soon that spring's bright appearance around our path shall shine,
If thou, beloved, will smile on me, and be my Valentine.

THE ADDRESS OF CERTAIN LADIES
TO
CONSTANTINE, EARL OF MULGRAVE.
LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

1836.

MOST noble, magnanimous, great Constantine!
Fit chief of an ancient illustrious line!
We, a bevy of much aggrieved damsels and dames,
Who to this declaration have *not* signed our names,
The handsome, the ugly, the brown, and the fair,
The young and the old, all unite to declare
That, unless the defects we point out be amended,
Your drawing-rooms by *us* shall no more be attended;
And what would your court be without *our* bright faces,
Our smiles and our poutings, our airs and our graces?
Ah! you know that, till *we* were, creation ne'er smiled,
And that, wanting *our* presence, the world were a wild!

But these threats and these taunts are both useless
with you:
We believe you are generous, chivalrous, true,
That the weak and the injured still find you their
friend,
So for ample redress upon you we depend.
To proceed. Though there always has been a great
rush
At drawing rooms, we never have suffered so much
As since the new rules have been brought into play,
And guards placed, and barriers raised in our way.
It both moral and physical courage requires,
Much patience, some skill, and a frame that ne'er
tires,
To encounter the ordeal of passing along
Through the midst of a struggling, undisciplined
throng;
We had almost as soon that it were doomed our lot,
Like Queen Emma, to walk over ploughshares red-
hot!
And now that tyrannical fashion bereaves
Our arms of stiff gigots, of well-cushioned sleeves,
Our elbows (some yellow as claw of the kite,
And other some rounded and dimpled and white),

Being quite undefended, get many hard blows
From the heroes we grieve to consider our foes
(For, as justice is due, they say, e'en to the D—l,
We must own the *civilians* are not so *uncivil*,
But though all mobs, 't is said, are proverbially rude,
The mob *militaire* is the worst of the brood).
When at length, after hours of fatigue and of pain,
The long wished-for entrance we finally gain,
So low is the barrier we 're forced to pass under,
Our feathers are crushed, and our trains rent asunder.
Having stated these facts, we most humbly implore
That your lordship will deign the old rules to restore,
And that, ere the next drawing room, you 'll have it declared,
That the brave sons of Mars shall in future be spared
All contest for place, and all pushing along,
For the ladies acknowledge the *right of the strong*.
Place aux dames is a maxim unfit for our day,
And the gown to the sword will most gladly give way.
As the old adage says, "Cedant arma togæ"

(We may make a mistake now in quoting this Latin,
A language unknown to us wearers of satin;
But, *n'importe*)—if your lordship will grant our request,
Our gratitude ne'er can be fully expressed,
But morning and evening we 'll pour forth a prayer
That you and your consort, the gentle and fair,
May see all your virtues renewed in your heir—
That each day may add to the worth and the fame
And the honours of Mulgrave's illustrious name!

TO THE QUEEN.

June, 1837.

FAIR Queen! we greet thee
With blessings and smiles.
Thou art the hope
And the pride of these Isles.
May thy deeds still be
What good men approve;
May each day increase
Thy people's love!

Gentle and graceful
And youthful art thou;
Well doth the crown become
That open brow.
A high and determined mind
There leaves its trace,
With lofty aspirings,
Yet feminine grace.

High is thy destiny,
Called now to reign
O'er the mightiest empire
The world doth contain!
In the bloom of thy youth
The proud monarch to be
Of a realm whose people
Can boast themselves free.

For reform made complete
England looks up to thee,
And Scotland expects
A like blessing to see;
While Ireland, long wronged,
In the dawn of thy reign
Sees the day star of hope
Rise triumphant again!

Fair Queen! on thy truth
And thy firmness in right
Hangs the welfare of millions!
Be just! and thy might
Shall be equalled by none;
While on Earth shall be seen
None so happy, so great,
As our patriot Queen!

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANCE.

In four Sonnets.

1839.

AND can it be so many years have passed
Since first I viewed the shores of sunny France?
It seems to me, when back I throw my glance,
As 't were but yesterday—while fast and fast
Fond memories crowd upon my mind, and cast
A momentary brightness round—restore
My youth in all its buoyancy. Once more
I feel the joy and pain with which the last

Glimpse of my native land filled my heart.
(The joy to travel, and the pain to part
With many friends). Upon the deck I stand
Once more, and with strong admiration see
The setting sun gild Blaye's "empurpled strand",
And queen-like Bordeaux rise in all her majesty!

II.

OFT I recall that peaceful summer's eve
When (after days spent toiling thro' the sands
Of that most dreary region called the LANDES,
With nought but the dark pine wood to relieve
My weary eye, half tempted to believe,
But for their presence, that it gazed upon
The Arabian desert),—by the clear Adour,
Where shattered stones told that a bridge had been,
And bright the moon upon the water shone,
I stood, and looked forth on the quiet scene;
While from the hill that crowned the farther shore,
Where stood the College and the town of Aire,
Her thrilling lay the nightingale did pour—
The scene, the song, the hour, all, all were passing fair.

III.

ROMANTIC Pau! what varying thoughts were mine
When first upon thy castle, far renowned,
Eager I gazed! I felt that all around
The glory of departed years did shine!
That great Henri, the pride of Bourbon's line,
Within thy ancient towers fit birth-place found—
That wheresoe'er I trod was hallowed ground!
Then, too, I felt that other claims were thine
To general praise, for not throughout the land
Of France, by nature decked with lavish hand,
A lovelier spot the enraptured traveller sees!
Thy Gave flows through fair vales adorned with trees,
On vine-clad hills old feudal turrets stand—
And in the distance rise the Pyrenees!

IV.

DAYS, weeks, and months, alas! too swift of flight,
I passed within the shadow of thy walls,
Proud tower of Gaston! and in those vast halls
Queen Margaret reared, oft lingered with delight;

From forth the terrace's commanding height
Oft viewed the town, irregularly piled
But picturesque—the Gave's rich valley smiled
Beyond, beneath the noon-tide's dazzling light—
The Southern Peak stood forth in grandeur wild,
The snow-crowned monarch of the mountain range!
That scene since then hath never known a change,
Save what the varying seasons may have brought—
Yet ah! what alteration sad and strange
The lapse of time in things more dear has wrought!

LINES.

Written to illustrate a picture of a child with a lily branch.

1837.

SHE hath wandered through the garden wide,
And she sits to rest on a hillock's side—
She hath cast each shoe from her fairy feet,
The moss is her carpet soft and sweet,—
The gentle breath of the summer air
Colours her cheeks and waves her hair,
And her dark eyes flash with a childish glee,
As she waves a lily branch joyously!

Young wanderer of the garden bowers!
The sweetest flower 'mong many flowers!
I gaze on thee—a mingled feeling
Of hope and fear upon me stealing—
I grieve that thou must brave the strife,
The thousand cares and pains of life,
Though now, with childhood's thoughtless glee,
That lily branch is waved by thee!

Yet though upon thy spirit light
The cares of Earth *should* cast their blight—
O mayest thou still preserve within
The calm of one unstained by sin!
Mayest thou, by Heavenly wisdom led,
Still in the paths of wisdom tread;
So that the *lily* still may be
Fit emblem of thy purity!

THE FISHER'S CHOICE.

A true tale of the south-west coast of Ireland.

1837.

ALL night the storm raged furiously:
At morn a boat drove o'er the sea.
Two fisher youths and their father old
That little venturous bark did hold.

They left at dawn the rockbound coast,
For they knew in that storm some ship was lost,
And they sought at the risk of life to gain
Part of its spoil from the "still vexed" main.

The father steers, the sons pull strong,
And o'er the waves they dart along,
Till with much use of toil and strength
A pipe of wine is theirs at length.

This hard-earned prize secure in tow,
With joyful hearts they homeward go,
When sudden on each fisher's ear
The cry of "Help" strikes faint but clear.

Across the waste of waters cast,
Their backward glances spy a mast,
To which, amidst the tempest's strife,
A drowning wretch had clung for life.

"Ye are young", said the father; "I am old;
Ye have here secured what is worth much gold,
'T will bring plenty to each one's babes and wife,—
Will ye cast it adrift, and save this man's life?"

No word was replied by the fishers two,
But the elder arose and his knife he drew,
He cut the rope with a steady hand,
And the shipwrecked sailor they brought to land!

HYMN OF THE EARLY IRISH CHRISTIANS.

THOUGH "Israel knew us not, O Lord, though
Jacob owned us not",
By Thee, our Saviour, Father, Friend, we *never*
were forgot;
"Glad tidings of great joy" Thou 'st brought unto
the farthest west,
And with Thy Gospel's Heavenly light this favoured
isle hast blest!

Though plunged before (with grief we own) in
superstition's night,
With rapturous gratitude we hailed the first ap-
proach of light;
No barbarous rage, no obstacles, did Thine apostle
meet,
We felt and we confessed Thy yoke was light, Thy
burden sweet!

To Thee the thanks, to Thee the praise, for only
through Thy grace
Could such a change be wrought in us, a weak, a
sinful race.

Oh! still, dear Lord, that Heavenly grace vouchsafe
on us to pour;
Oh! grant Thy Faith may flourish still on Erin's
emerald shore.

Whatever, thro' the lapse of ages, to this isle
betide,
Be Thou, O Lord, our children's stay, their sure
support and guide;
Though slavery, persecution, woe, may long, long
be their fate,
Still may they keep Thy holy Faith unstained,
inviolate!

But should one day a brighter dawn for them arise
at last,
May they in joy as well as grief, still to Thy Faith
cleave fast;
May it still be their only boast, their pride, their
joy, to be
In evil and in prosperous days, equally true to
Thee!

TO THE MUSE.

A Sonnet.

A YEAR, thou wayward muse, hath passed away
Since last thy presence hath around me been;
Like "angels' visits", "few and far between",
Well may I deem thy comings! Oh! delay,
Ev'n the short compass of an autumn day,
With one who, humble tho' her talents be,
Hath from her childhood homage paid to thee,
Heart-felt, incessant! Let one little ray
Of inspiration on my spirit fall:
More highly would I prize such gift, than all
Of honour, wealth, or power this world could give;
Wouldst thou but come, responsive to my call—
"And I, too, am a Poet", dare I say,
Then, then indeed would I begin to live.

SONNET.

Addressed to Mrs. St. John.

LADY! to me it is a pleasing sight
To see thee, on whose head the snows of age
Have gently fallen, still with delight engage
In those pursuits which gave thy youth delight.
Much am I cheered by thy example bright!
I cannot err in following one so sage,
Nor will I dread the critic's envious rage,
But let my fancy take her fearless flight;
Like thee, 'gainst vice I 'll ever raise my voice,
Whether in court or in a cottage seen,
Like thee, at good I 'll ardently rejoice,
Whether performed by peasant or by queen,
And twine, like thee, a never-fading wreath
Of pious musings for the bed of death!

TO A LITTLE NIECE, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

ELLEN, Ellen, little Ellen,
Let my words thy spirit dwell in!
Be thou gentle, good, and kind,
Light of heart and pure of mind,
Walk along the paths of *truth*,
Serve thy *Maker* from thy youth!
So may Heavenly bliss be thine,
Prays thy faithful Valentine!

THE DAISY.

Written in 1838.

THE little modest daisy,
It grows among the hills,
Beneath the mossy hillocks,
And by the sparkling rills,

And in the shady valleys:
In short, where'er we go,
This modest little daisy
Is surely seen to blow.

The rose's hue is brighter,
The lily towers more fair;
These flowers adorn the garden—
The daisy comes not there.
She boasts no graceful foliage,
She boasts no rich perfume,
But through the storm and sunshine
Still hardily doth bloom.

And yet this humble daisy
Is famed in many lays—
For Burns, the pride of Scotland,
Hath loudly hymned her praise;
And Wordsworth hath addressed her;
While in a foreign tongue,
As "Marguerite of Marguerites",
Her praise is often sung.

Whence comes it that this daisy,
With nought of rich or rare,

To merit admiration,
  Is cherished everywhere?
It is that all have known her
  In childhood's opening hour,
That unto each she comes a friend,
  An universal flower.

My childhood's hours were wasted
  Within a city's bound,
My daily walk was but throughout
  A square's dull plot of ground;
No violet and no primrose
  Grew on that barren green,
Yet there the humble daisy
  Was ever to be seen!

And those more favoured children
  Who breathe the mountain air,
And trace the streamlet's wanderings,
  Still find the daisy there!
Then blessings on thee, Daisy!
  Wherever thou may'st grow,
And be thou honoured still and loved
  Alike by high and low.

SONG OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN NORTH AMERICA.

Air—"The Woods of Caillino".

MY heart is dull within my breast, mine eyes are full of tears,
My memory is wandering back to long departed years—
To those bright days, long, long ago,
When nought I knew of sordid cares, of worldly woe,
But roved, a gay, light-hearted boy, the wood of Caillino!

There, in the spring-time of my life, and spring-time of the year,
I 've marked the snowdrop peep from earth, the first young buds appear;
The sparkling streams o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet and the golden primrose blow,
Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Caillino!

'T was there I wooed my Mary Dhu, and won her for my bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters and six sons—my age's pride.
Tho' cruel fortune was our foe,
And steeped us to the lips in bitterest want and woe,
Yet clings my heart to those sad days we spent near Caillino!

At length by misery bowed to earth, we left our native strand,
And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy land.
Tho' toils we had to undergo,
Yet here content and peace 't was ours to know,
And plenty such as never blest our hearth near Caillino.

And Heaven a blessing has bestowed, more precious far than wealth,
Has spared us to each other, bowed by years, yet strong in health.
Across the threshold when we go,
We see our children's children round us grow,
Like sapling oaks within thy wood, far distant Caillino.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that, when we
are no more,
Our bones shall not find a resting-place on Erin's
emerald shore;
For us no funeral sad and slow
Within the ancient abbey's burial-ground shall go,
No; we must slumber far from home—far, far from
Caillino!

But if the dead can ever leave the appointed place
of rest,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear isle that I love
best,
O'er thy green fields shall hover slow,
And many parting blessings shall bestow
On all, but most of all on thee, my Caillino.

STANZAS.

THINK of those days when life was fresh and
young,
When all looked bright to our enraptured gaze,
When, like the lark, our hope still upward sprung!
Think of those days!

Think of those days when, thrilling with delight,
We first perused some bard's immortal lays,
Confessed the sway of genius, and its might—
Think of those days!

Think of those days when every friend we deemed
Candid in censure, generous in praise;
When nought of coldness or deceit we dreamed—
Think of those days!

Think of those days when nought of sordid cares
Knowing, their mention chilled us with amaze,
When grief's fell power we owned not, nor despair's,—
Think of those days!

Think of those days when death to us appeared
A name—a shadow that eludes the gaze,
A thing to be believed in, not be feared—
Think of those days!

Think of those days!—ah, no, such thoughts are vain!
Could they recall our childhood's guileless ways,
Its happy hours, *then* might we without pain
Think of those days!

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THINK of those days when, laughing childhood fled,
A glorious prospect opened to our gaze!
When every path to some new pleasure led—
Think of those days!

Think of those days when swiftly flew the hours,
As bounding thro' the dance's gladsome maze
Our steps fell light as summer dew on flowers—
Think of those days!

Think of those days when but to breathe, to live,
To feel the summer breeze, the sun's warm rays,
A happiness too great for words could give—
Think of those days!

Think of those days when first *one* thought began
To haunt us, like the music of old lays,
When at *one* name more quick our life-blood ran—
Think of those days!

Think of those days when, sure of being loved,
Our heartstrings thrilled with joy and with amaze,
While yet in outward seeming cold, unmoved—
Think of those days!

Think of those days when, in a crowd to meet,
To steal *one* glance, to feel *one* earnest gaze,
Could fill the soul with thoughts for Earth too sweet!
Think of those days!

Think of those days so oft in wandering spent
By the mild stream, adown the valley's maze,
When silence more than words was eloquent!
Think of those days!

Think of those days!—ah, yes!—tho' long gone by,
Their memory hallows yet life's "workday ways",
Still, still indulge those thoughts—those musings high—
Think of those days!

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT varied thoughts come flitting thro' my brain.
Driving my troubled fancy to and fro!
Now is it rocking on the stormy main,
Now roaming through thro' the olive groves of Spain,
Now gazing on some ancient Roman fane—
Hallo, my fancy! whither wilt thou go?

Anon it calls me back to early days—
To all the joys that happy children know—
Then sudden leads me thro' a wildering maze,
Upon the unborn future bids me gaze,
And try to read the mystery of its ways—
Hallo, my fancy, whither wouldst thou go?

Sometimes across the past it takes its flight,
Bidding the flood of time still backward flow.
Now buried deep in *chaos* with "old night",
Sees the young world spring forth in joy and might.
Hallo, my fancy! whither wouldst thou go?

* * * * *

SONG.

Air—"Why, soldiers, why".

1842.

WHY, gentles, why
Should we so melancholy be?
Why, gentles, why?
We know that all must die—
She—you—and I!
Life at the best
Is but a jest,
Hopes brightly shine but to fly!
Rejoice, then, that rest—
Deep, quiet, blest—
Stands ever nigh!

Why, tell me, why
Should we so melancholy be?
Why, tell me, why
Should burst th' unbidden sigh,
While tears fill the eye?
Why crave for rest,
And, even when happiest,

Find gloomy thoughts ever nigh?
'T is that while we live
Nought full content can give—
Found but on high!

SONNETS.

Supposed to be written by an Exile.

YES,—as I gaze upon your gallant band,
Ye men of Poland, and behold each face,
Worn with long pining in a foreign land,
With weary nights of hopeless thoughts that trace
Deep furrows on the brow, yet with the grace
Courage and hope bestow lit up, each hand
Ready to grasp the sword,—the time, the place
Are changed, and in mine own green isle I stand,
The *Poland of the West*, whose sons, deep tried,
Like you, with sorrow, with each bitter wrong
Nations from foreign despots must abide,
Like you, the theme of many a pitying song,
Like you, renowned throughout the world wide

For dauntless valour, may, like you, ere long
Arise, and show themselves resolved, and wise,
and strong.

Said I, her sons, like you, were tried? Not so,
They have been longer, deeper, deadlier tried.
I know the sufferings ye have borne; I know
The Russian despot, in his barbarous pride,
The laws of nature and of God defied,
Crushing your faith and freedom at a blow:
But we have borne for ages equal woe,
And borne it, too, from those who loudly cried
That Liberty had made with them her home—
That slavery could not breathe where Britons
ruled!
Rather than be by words like these befooled,
Would I a houseless exile hopeless roam,
Far from green Erin, o'er the salt sea foam,
To torrid climes the west wind never cooled!

Note.—These lines were suggested by seeing the first detachment of Poles at Strasbourg, on their way to their own country (April, 1848).

"FI DE LA VIE!"

WHEN Scotland's Margaret, "done to death"
By slander's pestilential breath,
By warm affections crushed and thrown
Back on her heart, by hopes all flown,—
Lay silent on the bed of pain
From which she never rose again,
One of her ladies, drawing near,
Thought to speak comfort in her ear,
By giving hope of life, but she,
The dying one, said mournfully,
"Out upon life!"—FI DE LA VIE!

And centuries have rolled away
Since that poor princess dying lay,—
Sovereigns and nations many a change
Since then have known, some sad, all strange,
Yet still have beings bright as she,
And full of hopeful energy,
Seen all their visions sweet and fair
Make themselves unsubstantial air!

Their high aspirings fade away,
Their hopes learn premature decay,
And sighing such sad change to see,
Have said, with Margaret, mournfully,
"Out upon life!"—Fi de la Vie!

Yes, out on life!—Fi de la Vie—
Hoped we not immortality;
Saw we not with the eye of faith
Bright realms opening after death;
Knew we not Earthly woe and pain
May cleanse the soul from sinful stain,
And fit us for that blissful shore!
Be then all vain repinings o'er,
But let us, when death's hour draws nigh,
Fix all our wandering thoughts on high,
And, 'stead of saying mournfully,
"Out upon life!"—*Fi de la Vie!*
Cry, "Welcome, blest eternity!"

WOOD WALKS AT PORTLAW.

ROUND by the Chapel Road, down to the river,
Through the "Fair glen", and up over the hill
Wander I, musing on days that can never
Fade from my memory while life's pulses thrill:
Thoughts of the future, too, humble, but hopeful ones,
Pass through my mind as still onward I rove,
Soothed by the quiet of all things surrounding me,
Silent the breezes, and stirless the grove,
Nought to be heard, save the stream hoarsely murmuring,
Or springs that gush up 'neath some gray mossy stone,
Cloudless, though sunless, the firmament over me,
As the wild woodland pathways I tread all alone.

WOOD WALKS.

II.

THREE days have passed away,—and what a change!
Over the sky the storm-clouds flit along,
The wind is blowing wild, and fresh, and strong,
Rustling the boughs throughout the forest range:
More dark and broad the river pours its tide,
More fierce the streamlets brawl the stones among,
The wailing breeze sounds like a harp ill-strung,
Struck by some hand in minstrelsy untried:
The graceful ferns, late springing fresh and green
By mossy rock or root of oak decayed,
Or at the brink of sparkling rivulet seen,
Beneath the biting east wind shrink and fade;
Yet soon, full soon, the storm will pass, and then
Streams, woods, and vales, all, all will smile again!

SONNET.

OH! what a wayward thing 's this gift of rhyme,
All uncontrollable by human wit,
That will not come when we do call for it,
Resists our anxious pleadings many a time,
Then all at once, when in our seething brain
The captive thoughts are half inclined to stay,
Utterance is given, the barriers drawn away,
And forth it comes, like an impetuous tide,
Or liker the fierce rush of stormy rain
That follows when the thunder peals subside.
Oh! happy hours, when words are freely given,
When earnest thoughts can frame themselves in song,
Such sure would for the poet make a Heaven,
Were but their coming oftener—stay more long!

SONNET.

1849.

" ND sure 't is a most fair and pleasant land",
This hapless Erin, this sad isle of ours!
Though late fell famine stalked throughout her bowers,
Though dense the crowds that daily leave her strand.
Lovely her valleys, and her mountains grand!
Fertile her fields, pure, clear, and bright her rills,
Green even each crevice of her rockiest hills!
Is then our Isle of Heaven accursed and banned,
That all desert her thus? Perish the thought!
Not in such spirit read we Erin's lot;
Full often is adversity's chill breath
More precious than the wealth of India's mine,
High is the comfort of the text divine:
"Whom the Lord loveth, them He chasteneth!"

SONNETS.

I.

On hearing Mrs. Fanny Kemble read *As you like it.*

1854.

'TIS surely magic all. There sitteth she,
That calm, pale lady, clad in mourning weeds,
Opens the book, and lo! even as she reads,
This workday world evanisheth, and we,
But lately numbered as an audience here,
Are standing at Duke Frederick's court to see
The wrestlers, and to joy us when the meeds
Of conquest are Orlando's. Next we be
Banished with Rosalind to Arden's shades,
To share with Adam of her father's cheer,
Or wander with her through the sunniest glades,
Echoing her silvery laughter light and clear!
Such marvels must be wrought by sorcery—
The spell is—genius! the enchantress—SHE!

II

On hearing Mrs. F. Kemble's reading of *Hamlet.*

THE wizard spell is o'er me cast again!
Upon those wondrous tones I hang intent,
First understanding now what Shakspeare meant
By all the varied moods of Hamlet. Men
Must be of adamant, who do not thrill
With awe, when that voice, passionless and chill,
Tells of unnatural murder, and who then,
In that fixed gaze of horror do not see
The ghost presented far more palpably,
Than if he trod the stage in "cómplete steel".
Ah! vain the attempt to paint what we must feel
Who listen now. To us it does not seem
Reading or acting of a poet's dream—
It seems, and seeming is, Reality!

SONG.

At Portlaw.

WANDERING through the wild woods,
O'er the breezy hill,
Feelings sweet as childhood's
In my bosom thrill

Years I cast behind me,
Griefs forgotten lie,
Light of heart I find me,
Light of step and eye!

The blackbird's whistle ringing
Sweetly thro' the air,
The bright-eyed robin singing
On the tree-trop bare;
The streamlet glancing brightly,
And murm'ring soft and low,—
These sights and sounds delight me
As through the woods I go!

SONNETS ON ROME.

I

1855-56.

"AND I, too, am in Rome!"—my childhood's dream
The hope of my maturer years, at last
Is realized. The City of the Past,
The Eternal City, by old Tiber's stream,
Doth hold me in her walls. The morning's beam

Falls here upon no spot unknown to fame:
The very breeze that passeth seems to claim
High reverence, telling of the mighty dead
That once inhaled it. I as yet have cast
Few glances round, but wheresoe'er I tread,
Where'er amid these streets my steps I turn,
The very heart within me seems to burn;
I feel as though I hailed my ancestral home,
Crying, "And I, too, am at length in Rome!"

II.

SAY whither did I first my footsteps turn?
Not to St. Peter's great and wond'rous pile,
Nor ancient Church on Tiber's only isle,
Nor to the mole that erst held Adrian's urn.
No; to a spot far humbler, far less known,
Where, 'neath a virgin martyr's antique shrine,
Friendship hath reared a monumental stone
Above the spot where lies without a beat
The noblest, the most tender heart that e'er
Throbbed for poor Ireland! O dear Father mine!
I flung me down, as though 't were at thy feet,

And in the holy silence reigning there,
Poured forth my grief! yet felt it sadly sweet
Once more near thee to lift to Heaven my prayer!

III.

Nov. 1, 1858.

'TWAS on this very day, two years ago,
That I was drawing near the gates of Rome,
After some months of widowhood and woe!
And as I saw St. Peter's mighty dome
Uprising in the air, it seemed as though
It welcomed the sad wanderer to her home!
My heart responsive to that thought did glow;
For, though far, far away, where ocean's foam,
Green Erin's much loved island circles round,
The home of all my happy years was found,
Yet had I ever felt myself the child
Of Rome, and of Rome's Sovereign Pontiff too,—
PIUS,—the Holy Father meek and mild.
From him my heart craved consolation new,
And much I longed once more to tread Rome's holy ground!

AN IMPROMPTU SONNET.

Addressed to Signors Fabri and Marzu Poleti, on being shown by them an autograph of my father's, in their Palazzo at Recanati.

A THROB of pain—of joy a stronger thrill—
Shot through my frame, when sudden to my sight
Were shown the lines that hand revered did write,
My father!—yes, on Recanati's hill,
Where that old town looks towards the Apennine,
I found those lines preserved as in a shrine,—
I found thy memory green and living still!
Ye noble sons of this most lovely land
(By art's and nature's gifts made half divine),
I scarce dare offer these poor thanks of mine,
As now I trace them with a trembling hand,
For your high reverence of my father's fame.
O blessed chance! that here this day I came,
To find, far, far from home, so prized, so loved,
HIS name!

ON THE RECALL OF LORD CARLISLE.

1858.

ALAS, poor Erin! thou hast never known
A happy hour, but came a mournful day,
Justice and kindness ne'er to thee were shown,
But those who showed them straight were snatched away!
And now the man 'neath whose paternal sway
Long absent peace and freedom met again,
He, of our isle the comfort and the stay,
He (save but *one*) the best of Englishmen
That ever ruled us, he must leave us too,
And worse, must leave us to the bigot crew
That long oppressed us! Can such things be borne
In silence? Ah! for but one little hour
Of him, whose voice, like to Orlando's horn,
Could raise the people's hearts with magic power!
He would have saved us from this scathe and scorn!

TWO SONNETS.

Composed October 31, 1860.

SUNNY and clear and cheerful dawns the day,
To me an anniversary fraught with woe,
For on its eve, now many a year ago,
Mine honoured mother on her death-bed lay,
And on its morn her form was senseless clay!
The first great grief it was my life did know.
But time, the comforter, soon brought relief;
Since then I 've known a deeper, deadlier grief,
So oft have sat with sorrow at my side,
So oft my fairest hopes have seen decay,
I 've learned no stress on Earthly joys to lay,
For when they 're brightest then they least abide.
Yet, Lord, I bless these pangs, in mercy sent
To wean me from this place of banishment,
And raise my thoughts to realms of endless day!

II.

MOTHER most dear! thou didst not leave our sight
Worn with the weary burden of old age;
Time had but lightly laid his "signet sage"
Upon thy brow. Thine eye was clear and bright
When fierce attacks of agonizing pain,
Racking the frame and thrilling through the brain,
In a few months performed the work of years!
When loosened was thy golden cord of life—
When the best mother and the truest wife
That husband or that children mourned with tears,
Was snatched from us. In those dreary days of grief
How did thy husband miss thy gentle voice,
That ever in his triumphs did rejoice,
And to his sorrows ever brought relief!

LINES.

Written under a print of a bear attacking a Russian.

1860.

I CANNOT bear the burly bear that in this print we see
A-rushing on a Russian boor with blind ferocity,
For the Russians and the bears they should be friends for evermore,
Though now I fear this Russian here will vote this bear a bore!

Don't all men say the Russians are sons of the northern Bear?
Then when one bear bites another bear, it 's no wonder we should stare;
So cease the unnatural combat now; come, lads a friendly hug,
And for your nap in comfort wrap you in the self-same rug.

Oh! had not every Russian boor in the Cri-mé-an campaign
Stuck to his brother like a brick, their courage had been vain;
They had not made such a stand-up fight 'gainst the French and English host,
Nor left each power, in victory's hour, with such slight cause to boast.

Betwixt the *bear* and *boor* there has never been much difference to find,
And now, if they pull together well and keep ever of one mind,
Some morn while France (our *trusty* friend keeps England's eye upon her,
Our Indian power, in a luckless hour, may be lost to our dishonour!

I hope I 'm a croaker in saying this, and that it may not prove true,
But a nod to a blind horse is as good as a wink to me or you!
So if no Russian should ever rush on his brother Bruin more,
Then loud will I shout, "Keep a brisk look out, John Bull, on the Indian shore!"

POSTSCRIPT.

What I 've said above of Russians and bears, in
many a halting line,
To Austrians and Russians may apply, should those
two great powers combine;
And old England may find that, in propping the
Turk and plotting to put down the Pope,
In spite of her strength, she has woven at length for
her own dear throat a rope!

NATURAL MUSIC.

THERE 's music in the wild, wild breeze that
whistles on the hill;
There 's music in the murmuring of the bright brown
rippling rill;
There is music in the shiver of the sighing autumn
leaves;
There is music in the gentle air that breathes on
summer eves.

There is music in the whirlwind's rush, and in the ocean's roar,
When it breaks in clouds of froth and foam upon a rock-bound shore;
And there 's music, gentle music, in the calm and waveless sea,
As it lapses 'gainst the shelving banks where no stony barriers be.

There 's music in the twittering of the little birds at morn,
When blithe the husbandman goes forth to reap the golden corn;
And there 's music in the cooing of the woodquests from the tree,
'Neath which the reapers take their meal, at noontide, cheerily.

And oh! what music, when the thrush and blackbird pour their notes!
What gushing, gladdening melody through the calm of evening floats!
Yet dearer still, because it comes in the winter of the year,
Is the music robin-red-breast gives, piercing, and sweet, and clear!

But there 's a music yet unnamed, that 's far more
clear and sweet
Than aught the winds and waters, or the birds
themselves repeat,
That sounds to me, beyond all sounds on Earth,
harmoniously,—
'T is the lisping of the grand-children that cluster
round my knee!

TO THE WIND.

WHAT whisperest thou, wild wind, within
mine ear?
Com'st thou to tell of happy days gone by,
When those I see no more on Earth were here,
Ere sorrow found me out, or gnawing fear
For self or others filled with tears mine eye?

What whisperest thou, O balmy breeze and sweet?
Com'st thou a messenger of comfort now?
Are thy low murmurings striving to repeat,
"There is a world where thou the lost may meet
With deathless wreaths upon each pallid brow"?

Oh! whisper still of hope in passing by!
Cheer this lorn heart of mine with murmurs mild,
And soothe my soul, until, with hopeful sigh,
I pray that I may see, beyond the sky,
Parents and friends, my husband, and each child!

SONG.

Air—"John Anderson my jo".

SAM Ferguson, my friend Sam, when you I first did know,
My locks were like the berry brown, that now are like the snow,
I was not very old then, *you* some years younger still,—
Both climbing up the sunny side of Life's steep, toilsome hill.

Sam Ferguson, my friend Sam, in calm and windy weather,
We 've wandered many a pleasant day among the mountain heather;

But the pleasantest of all were those when you had by your side
The gentle, good, and gifted one you chose out for your bride!

Sam Ferguson, my friend Sam, since then I 've learned to know
How fleeting is the happiness bestowed on us below!
But I raise my thoughts with fervid faith and trembling hope on high,
And pray that SHE, and YOU, and I, may meet there when we die!

SONNET.

To the Marquis of Normanby.

O NOBLE friend! who, in her hour of need,
Hast never failed to take poor Erin's part!
How do I thank thee with o'erflowing heart,
That when, not only was the well-earned meed

Of praise for valour to her sons denied,—
(Her sons for dauntless valour known world-wide!)
Who did in many a fiery conflict bleed,
For the meek Pontiff of their cherished creed,—
But obloquy upon their name was flung,
Thou didst their honour publicly defend,
Showing thyself, as ever, Erin's friend.
Oh! could I sing as Moore, as Byron sung,
Then should thy praises to the world be poured,
Thou, who ne'er blenched before brute force's sword,
Nor deadliest dart of slander's serpent tongue!

SONNET.

Written at Ballinamona, County Wicklow.

February, 1861.

'TWAS such a morn as this, bright, fresh, and sweet,
But later, in the very flush of May,
When with wild daffodils the earth was gay,
And echo did the cuckoo's cry repeat,
That on this threshold first I placed my feet,

Then little dreaming of the peaceful hours,
Awaiting me beneath this ancient roof,
The happiness vouchsafed in my behoof,
By Providence beneath its sheltering bowers!
Joy filled my heart while gazing on the flowers;
And though I hardly heeded what I spoke,
Forth from my lips a wish to live here broke:
On the same plan my husband's mind was bent,
So here we lived some years in calm content!

LINES.

Composed on the strand at Ardinairy.

1861.

O VANISHED days of my fair peaceful youth
(Precursors of less calm maturity,
And of a sadder, gloomier middle age),
How far away ye seem, and yet how near!
Now as I tread this solitary strand
(Which first I traversed as a happy bride,
And after as a youthful mother, blest
With lisping babes, and with the fostering care

Of one, the best of husbands and of men,
Sheltered from even the slightest dread of ill),
My heart, that lately felt the touch of grief,
That more than time strewed silver on my hair,
Begins to beat with buoyancy again.
Though, as I pace the margin of the sea,
The measured music of its sighing surge
Brings back to me the voices of the dead,
Yet 't is not with a harrowing anguish now
They come to me, it is a gentler sorrow—
A calm, more hopeful grief that fills my soul,—
A dream of other days, made sweet by trust
In the Almighty's mercy, and belief
That meetings of the loved and lost on Earth
Do form a part of the pure joys of Heaven!

A DREAM.

WELL I remember that showery winter's morning,
When, after gazing from my chamber casement,
Over the meadows and the distant sea-shore,
On the sun uprising.

I laid me down, oppressed with fear and sadness,
And dreamed a dream that brought my spirit comfort,
Flooding my soul with feelings sweet and peaceful,
Hopeful and tender, too.

Seemed to me that still I stood beside my chamber window,
Looking, as I had done before, up to the sun new risen,
When, on a bright ray borne, swiftly I saw descending
Towards me, an angel:

Near and more near it came, showing forth its brightness,
Till my inmost soul was filled with holy awe and reverence:
I woke: the vision fled, but it had left behind it
Joy most deep and lasting!

SONNET.

1862.

THE crescent moon, in her first quarter now,
Is slowly pacing up the heights of Heaven,
Attended by one single star of even,
That gleams like jewel on a sultan's brow,
Before whose footstool eastern nations bow.
Anon the sky grows darkly, deeply blue,
The Pole-star shows her gentle radiance there,
While close beside is seen the Northern Bear,
The Pleiades more faintly, dimly shine,
Seeming with veiléd light to mourn anew
Their sister lost! A trembling joy is mine,
While, gazing on the glories of the night,
I feel not even those wonders can compare
With what the Lord of Mercy doth prepare
For sainted souls who stand pure in His sight!

SONNET.

1862.

THE minstrel wind hath once more made resound
The loose-strung chords of his wild woodland lyre—
Now soft and low, now rising high and higher,
Like lark that soars to Heaven from lowly ground!
A strange delight by poet minds is found
In fancies that these harmonies inspire,
Whether up to some mountain's heights sublime
(Crowned with a cluster of time-honoured trees,
Through whose old boughs hath whistled many a breeze),
They roam, and, roaming, "build the lofty rhyme",
Or linger lonely by some "haunted mere"
(Whose waving willows make melodious moan),
Mourning the happy days for ever gone,
When those now vanished from the Earth were here,
And their sweet presence made each scene more fair, more dear!

SONNET TO E. M. C.

FRIEND, who hast wandered through this world of ours,
With few to cheer thy way, without a guide
In whom thy guileless spirit could confide,
Thy path, alas! hath not been strewn with flowers!
Adversity's chill blasts and sorrow's showers
Too oft have been thy share, and when a gleam
Of sunshine came to renovate thy powers,
It vanished quickly as a morning dream.
Yet hast thou borne thee bravely through the strife,
Forgetting self, struggling for others still,
Renouncing, with an energy of will
That few could emulate, the joys of life!
But cheer thee, noble heart! the goal is nigh
Look for thy great reward to Him on High!

SONNET.

AGAIN the mighty organ of the hill,
Struck by the storm wind, pealeth on mine ear,
That loves its grand wild harmonies to hear,
Even though they make my every nerve to thrill,
Inspiring awe, mingled with pitying fear
For hapless barks forlorn and tempest-tost,
That o'er the waste of waters wildly driven,
(Their mariners in vain imploring Heaven!)
Within the ocean depths at length are lost!
Such is our SOVEREIGN LORD'S mysterious will,
To which we mortals full submission owe;
He watcheth over everything below,
And all alike must His behests fulfil!—
On Earth, as in high Heaven, oh! be they honoured still!

ADDRESS OF SOME SPRING AND WINTER FLOWERS

To C. A. S., in her Ninetieth Year.

LONG years ago, in sweet Kildangan's bowers,
You watched the coming of the springs first flowers,
The snowdrop, crocus, polyanthus too,
With varying beauties then delighted you:
Young, fair, and hopeful then, you loved to sing
Melodious welcome to the opening spring!

Since then you 've voyaged o'er life's troubled sea,
Bearing its many storms courageously;
O'ercoming, by your soul's high, calm repose,
The ever busy malice of your foes;
But still you watched the flowers, and still did sing
Melodious welcome to the opening spring!

And therefore now, when age its hand hath laid
Gently upon your brow, when you 're afraid
To brave the dampness of the garden bowers,
And can no longer seek the spring's first flowers,
For honours paid their kindred in their bloom
Grateful, the spring flowers seek you in your room!

Led by the *Christmas Rose*, which, like to you,
Hath kept its brightness the long winter through,
They come to cheer you in your hour of pain,
To call back all your happy days again,—
To say, "Bear on!" for when the soul takes wing,
One such as you shall find eternal spring!

SONNET.

March, 1862.

THE wild and boisterous wind aloud doth call,
Scornfully daring me to venture forth
And brave its biting blasts from east and north,
That make our dwelling rock as to its fall,
Though standing in the shadow of the glen,
And near the shelter of its guardian trees.
While, ever prompt to challenges like these,
Along the margin of the stream I go
Where it divides the garden ground, and then
Returning at a pace nor swift, nor slow,
Up the steep avenue direct my course,

Until beyond its gates the "rabble rout"
Of the fierce winds combine to bar me out
From further journey, 'gainst their reckless force
I cannot struggle, so I seek once more
The house, and calmly list the storm's triumphant roar!

SONNET.

1st May, 1862.

AYE, thou my favourite music chantest now,
Wild wind of spring that o'er the hills dost pass,
Shaking the cowslip bells among the grass—
Causing to vibrate every budding bough,
Striving a burden low to make them bear,
To thy sweet minstrelsy! Words that would suit
Thy various harmonies, O mountain lute
Should of a Shakspeare's soul the impress wear.
So hard a task befits not me, alas!
Who scarce to frame a feeble lay know how;
And yet my mind's eye seeth visions fair,
And yet and yet, wild heart of mine, art thou
Within my beating bosom set on fire
By spirit-stirring thoughts those notes inspire!

A CHAPLET OF WILD FLOWERS.

In Twelve Sonnets.

AN INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

Motto—"*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever*"—Keats.

YES, "things of beauty" are ye, sweet wild flowers,
And "joys for ever" to the poet's heart!
Renewing all his youth's bright vanished hours,
Recalling to his thoughts with soothing art
The dazzling visions Time hath bade depart,
Of happiness unstained by sorrow's showers,—
Of glory and of gladness shed on those
Who now, alas! within the grave repose,
Joying both in your brightness and your bloom,
I come to weave of you a chaplet wild,
That may perchance with simple fresh perfume,
Delight the sense of some untutored child
Of nature, though too humble and too plain
The praise of learned critics to obtain.

I.

VIOLETS.

(In Wales.)

VIOLETS, the sight of ye recalls to me
The day when I, a city-nurtured child,
Caught my first glimpse of ye growing wild,
And the whole scene I seem once more to view.
It was in Wales, one May morn bright and mild,
Upon a bank beside a hill, where we
Had left our carriage toiling up the road,
And, with the joy of childhood, our abode
Made for a while midst nature! In that hour,
The father by his children so adored,
From whose dear lips our memories were stored,
With lays and legends that had wondrous power,
The love of freedom in our minds to raise,
Stood with me. Oh! that he were with me still!
Oh! that I could call back those happy days!
But no! And bitter tears my sad eyes fill!

II.

VIOLETS.

(In Rome.)

YOUNG though I was when first they met my sight,
Yet oft my spirit yearned to see
The violet, so dear to Poetry,
While phantasies of wonder and delight
The very name brought ever with me!
Since then the source of pleasures, calm and bright,
To me they have continued still to be,
That in advancing age do still endure,
Making me welcome the approach of May,
Which in this clime with violets strews each field,
While 'neath the walls of Rome the meadows yield
Them, even on a February day,
For maidens at our Lady's shrine to lay,
Upon that Feast when she did, though most pure,
In the Old Law, Purification pray!

III.

VIOLETS.

(In Rome.)

OFT, as returning from St. Mary's shrine,
I drove adown the steep descent that lay
Along the gardens of the Esquiline,
That at the side were bordering the way;
The soft spring breeze that over me did play
Wafted me odours of the violet,
With which the ground within was thickly set:
With what fond memories that air was fraught!
Illyria's love-sick duke before me rose,
Who, when soft music soothed awhile his woes,
Compared it to the "sweet south", gently brought
"Over a bed of violets" from that spot,
"Stealing and giving odour!" While there, close to me,
VIOLA, the flowers' sweet namesake, seemed to be!

IV.

VIOLETS

(In Germany.)

IN rich profusion scattered everywhere,
Upon the banks of Rhine I saw ye too,
Ye violets of both white and azure hue,
Casting delicious fragrance on the air,
And drinking deepest draughts of diamond dew!
But chief where *Manheim's* palace gardens fair,
Along the river stretched themselves to view,
Trees rose around, and shrubs and flowers most rare,
Yet, 'mid them all, none saw I fair as you!
Oft in those gardens (smiled on by the sun)
Ye saw the passing form of STEPHANIE,
Baden's Grand Duchess, the adopted, she,
Of THE Napoleon—he, the only one
Of all that race that shall remembered be—
For glorious genius—till eternity!

V.

VIOLETS.

(In Germany.)

CAN I forget the kindnesses received
From that good Duchess, both in hours of joy,
And when deep sorrow did my thoughts employ?
She soothed me best by grieving when I grieved
(My father mourned I, and my baby boy,
Of both in almost the same hour bereaved).
She had known sorrow, for a wily foe
Had warped her husband's heart from her for years,
While late she had wept despairing tears
O'er the sad mysteries of long ago—
O'er *Caspar Hauser's* life of wrong and woe,
Too early closed! From Earth she now hath gone;
May all she loved meet her before God's throne!

VI.

SLOE-BLOSSOMS

(Ireland.)

'TWAS March; as yet all leafless were the trees,
And merry music made each tinkling rill;
Bright shone the sun, and briskly blew the breeze,
As I drove down old Carrickmayne's steep hill.
No fairer sight could my rapt fancy please,
Than what the hedge-rows now to me did show,
Their tops all sprinkled o'er with silvery white,
Seeming as though a shower of feathery snow
Had fallen upon them! What a pure delight
Then made the very heart within me glow!
And all this pleasure caused but by the sight
(In rich abundance) of the blossomed sloe!
Yet far did it excel joys pomp and state bestow!

VII.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

(France.)

PLEASED, I recall the vision of delight
That in a forest once (near Germany,
Beyond old Strasburgh's walls) was seen by me,
Though by the trees concealed from casual sight—
A deep glade, tapestried with lilies white,
Whose fair and fragile bells drooped gracefully
Under the shade of green leaves, cool and bright:
The "lily of the vale" that flower was hight,
And of all lilies, loveliest sure is she!
A faint sweet odour on the air did float,
Whilst from the topmost branches of the trees,
Bending beneath the influence of the breeze,
A lay of love broke from the wild bird's throat;
A river glided by, and all around
Seemed to my 'raptured senses, fairy ground!

VIII.

THE WILD ROSE.

(Ireland.)

SO slight of form, so delicate of hue,
Yet hardy as the hardiest plant that grows,
Thou eglantine, or sweeter name—*wild rose!*
Bravest the wind and sipp'st the early dew;
Among huge rocks thy clambering sprays we view,
Or cast across some babbling stream that flows
O'er pebbles, making music as it goes,
And sometimes leaping madly from a height
To find itself closed in a valley green,
Where thou, its constant neighbour, still art seen
Opening thy bosom to the air and light!
How oft in such a spot my path has been,
How often there I 've viewed thee with delight—
Ah! many a sweet, sad thought awakens at thy sight!

IX.

BLUE BELLS

(Ireland.)

BENEATH the ancient oaks of Curraghmore,
Methinks, ye *blue bells*, I behold ye spread,
Close by where Clauda o'er her rocky bed
Flings her brown waters murmuring evermore,
While all around an odour wild is spread!
How happily the sweet spring mornings fled,
When Clauda's woody banks I wandered o'er,
"Chewing the cud" of fancies sad and sweet;
Or taking, on some moss-grown rock, my seat,
And, crushing 'neath my feet the odorous thyme,
Have let my day-dreams clothe themselves in rhyme
Which then I wooed the echoes to repeat.
Ah! blessed be the flowers, the place, the time,
And the loved beings whom I there did meet!

X.

WATER LILIES.

(Flanders.)

WE had been wandering on a summer's day
Through woodland avenues, not far from Ghent,
And when the afternoon was well nigh spent
We came to where, like a small creek or bay
Wide spread, the River Lys's waters lay,
On which our eyes admiringly we bent,
For, starlike, floating there upon the stream
Clusters of water lilies, purely white,
Amid their broad green glassy leaves did gleam;
As if in marble sculptured did they seem,
So beautifully, yet so coldly bright!
Long did we gaze upon the lovely sight—
Long did we linger on that river's shore,
And, parting, sighed to think we ne'er should see it more!

XI.

HAREBELLS.

(Scotland.)

HAREBELLS, ye favourite children of the hill!
Far, far above Loch Long's deep, dark, blue tide,
Close where the *Giant Cobbler* sits for aye,
I saw ye, near *Ben Arthur's* rugged side,
Growing upon the margin of a rill,
Which from a rocky hollow welled out still.
As on your blossoms (light as wing of fay),
Pendent and azure-tinted, I did gaze,
What pleasant thoughts did o'er my fancy stray,
How many a vision of the olden time,
Of clansmen in Prince Charlie's cause combined,
Of robber chieftains, famed in border rhyme
(All made immortal by Scott's wizard lays),
The sight of ye made present to my mind!

XII.

THE WOOD-SORREL.

(Ireland.)

FORGOTTEN must not the wood-sorrel be,
Of pearly white, with streaks of lilac hue,
The tiniest flower the woodlands ever knew,
Growing on mossy knolls abundantly!
With reverent memories its leaves we see,
Its triple leaves, heart shaped, and emerald green,
Recalling Erin's early days to view,
When *Sainted Patrick* on our shores was seen,
When captive he to pirates fierce had been,
And many a day's hard labour for them wrought;
While generous pity in his heart did rise
For babes unborn, whose supplicating cries
Unto his ears were, in a vision, brought.
Preaching to pagans Christianity,
Then, honoured wood sorrel, the Saint chose *thee*,
A lovely symbol of the Trinity!

SONNET.

May 5, 1862.

S though to cheer me in advancing age,
'T is given to me at times to hold thee fast,
Poetic power, till thou thy spells have cast
Upon me, and with sparkles of that rage
Once called divine, have guerdoned me at last!
How much should it my gratitude engage
To the First Cause, the source of love and truth,
Who thus consoles me for my sorrows past,
And compensates me for my vanished youth!
Now can I give full utterance to each thought,
Now are the words I once despaired to find
Responsive to my call, unto me brought!
ow fresh ideas crowd upon my mind,
While each with ease in metre's chains I bind!

SONNET.

Composed beside the great mossy stone in the grounds of Glancullen.

May 7, 1862.

IN the old days, as a sepulchral stone,
Wert thou placed here (from some not distant spot
Upheaved), a grave for some great chief, whose lot,
Though famous then, is now to us unknown!
How many changes have on Earth been wrought,
Even in the space I have been dwelling near!
How many that once gazed on thee are gone,
Yet, scarcely changed, thou still abidest here.
Feelings of almost a religious fear
Impress me, as beside thee now I stand:
What more, O moss-grown cumberer of the land,
Of chances and of changes shalt thou see?
Here stoodst thou when the Cross on high was reared,
Here stoodst thou when the sacrilegious dared
To drag it down!—Tell, if thou canst, to me,
For Erin's future what hath Heaven planned?

THE FAIRY'S KEYS.

OF all the spring-flowers sweet and gay
That star the grass in early May,
There 's none mine eye delighted sees
Like what I 've named "*the Fairy's Keys*",
That is, *the Cowslip*, famed in rhyme
Of poets of the olden time,
Fair in its form, rich in perfume;—
The Germans call it "*the Key-bloom*".
But should you ask, "What places, pray,
Do these keys open?" they can 't say;—
Yet I have found it out, I hope:
It seems to me these keys must ope
The entrance to each secret cell
Or mossy knoll, in deep green dell,
Wherein by day the fairies dwell,
Awaiting till our Ladye Moon
Hath reached in heaven her highest noon,
When forth they 'll sally, gay and free,
And till dawn comes, and they must flee,
Dance their wild roundel merrily!

THE FOX GLOVE.

Written in 1843.

THE flowers of spring have passed away—
Summer's have long since had their day—
But autumn's foliage clothes the hill,
And Fox-glove hangs o'er every rill.
The *Fox-glove* did I call it?—Nay,
Its *Irish* name shall grace my lay,
'T was the *Lusmore* I meant to say!
In truth it is a beauteous flower,
And one, 't is said, of magic power.
Methinks, could I but read the spell
Engraved within each crimson bell,
And speak it out, 't would summon round
A host to do my bidding bound;
A fairy host, who, cap in hand,
My sovereign pleasure would demand,
And compass air, and earth, and sea,
Whate'er I wished, to bring it me!
Their energies I would not task,
Nor rank, nor fame, nor wealth I 'd ask;
The only gifts I 'd crave would be
(But fairies cannot give them me)
Self-knowledge and humility!

TO PIUS THE NINTH.

"FROM cross to cross!" Such is the course marked out
For thee, O Father of the Faithful! through
The desert of the world! Precious, but few,
The hours of respite lent thee. The fierce shout
Of Red Republicanism scarce had died
Away over old Tiber's sluggish tide,
At the dispersion of its rabble rout,
When other foes assailed thee. As before,
As ever, false, Louis Napoleon showed
The vain, self-seeking Piedmontese the road
To seize the patrimony which of yore
Upon Christ's Viceregent had been bestowed;
Yet still thou standest firm. In EUROPE'S sight
Thy meek endurance best defends the right!

II.

"FROM cross to cross!" 'T is said, this prophecy
Was by an Irish pilgrim penned of old!
One who before the Shepherd of Christ's fold
To bend in homage, crossed the stormy sea;

And some have called that pilgrim MALACHY,
The saintly friend of Bernard. If 't is so,
Or not, we are not called on to decide,—
Yet not the less we Irish must feel pride,
Reflecting that in times so long ago
Our fathers fearless travelled far and wide
Their reverence for Peter's chair to show.
Still the same reverence 't is ours to know,
Still willingly we pour forth like a flood,
For Rome, our prayers, our gold, aye even our blood

O'CONNELL.

I.

ON the high cliffs above the Atlantic Sea,
Or in some lonely "cummer" of the hills,
Where foam wild torrents formed by meeting rills
(Scenes loved by thee in age and infancy),
The Genius of thy country came to thee,
O'CONNELL, as thou roamedst a careless child:
She plained her of the injuries and ills
Erin had known since Saxon foot defiled
Her emerald shores! She spake of days of pride

Ere then, when faith and learning, side by side,
Shed their benignant influence o'er the land!
Inspired thee with resolve to cast aside
All selfish thoughts, temptations all withstand:
One sacred object still before thy view,
"For hapless Erin some great deed to do!"

II.

We had endured through many a weary year,
The oppressor's wrong, and his contumely
(Yet harder to be borne by such as we,
Of nature fiery, and who know not fear!),
Hoping, in vain, redress; when did appear
At length *the Leader* sent us to unbind
Our chains, to raise us from our prostrate state,
To bid us walk erect!

Calumnious hate
Launched all its venomed darts at him, to find
That he regarded as the idle wind
Its utmost efforts. Fixed and firm as fate,
He in an alien senate still upheld
The rights of Erin, and with scorn repelled
The charges of her enemies, the sneers,
Aye, even of some she had for many years
Among her friends as warmest, truest held!

III.

Alas! it was not to that leader given
To guide his people to the promised land
Of Freedom! Nor the privilege to stand
In their own senate win for them. High Heaven
(To whose decrees all must submit) denied
That crowning mercy to his earnest prayer!
To Freedom's verge he led, but left us there,
When most we seemed to need so true a guide;
Yet for his country did he not despair:
"The Lord", he thought, "will in fit time provide
For Erin restoration to her share
Of the great gifts to sister realms supplied!"
Then cried he, bent before the Almighty Throne,
"Unto thy servant, Lord, THY WILL BE DONE!"

* * * * *

SONNET.

GLANCULLEN! from the hour I saw thee first,—
(And that was when a young romantic child
I roamed delighted through thy pathways wild,
And gloried in the views that on me burst
When from thy heights I gazed forth wide and far)
Within my heart a love of thee was nurst:
And surely it was no unkindly star
That beamed upon my future the sweet day
That fixed my home in this beloved spot!
Truly "in pleasant places hath my lot
Been cast!" "for in the south-west, far away,
Where stands the cradle of my father's race,
Even strangers' eyes admire that lovely place.
GLANCULLEN! DARRYNANE! both equally,
Homes of my heart, are ye beloved to me!

THE BOY OF NORMANDY.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

Characters in First Part.

Louis d'Outremer, King of the Franks.
Otho, King of the Germans.
William Longsword, Duke of Normandy.
Arnold, Marquis of Flanders.
Hugo, Duke of Burgandy.
Walter, a Count, Chancellor to King Louis.
Barons, Knights, Chamberlains of the King, the Dukes, and Marquis, Pages, etc., etc.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Hall of State in the Royal Mansion at Attigny.

Otho, King of Germany, and *Louis*, King of France, are discovered seated under a canopy on chairs of state. That of *Otho* is about a step higher than that of *Louis;* and to his right; two steps lower than *Louis*, and on a line, are two stools of equal height, on which are seated *Arnold*, Marquis of Flanders, and *Hugo*, Duke of Burgundy; Barons and Knights standing below, etc. On the left hand of King *Louis* stands *Count Walter*, his chancellor, with a scroll in his hand.

Count Walter. King Otho of the Germans, and
ye too,
The worthy lords of Burgundy and Flanders,
Barons and knights, the "pillars of the state",
Our noble king, Louis of Outremer,
Hath summoned ye in council here to-day,
That ye may seek how best to make secure
The peace which all have long desired to see.

(*A bustle is heard outside the scenes. Duke William speaks without.*)

Duke W. Stand back, ye vassals, give me room,
I say!
William the Longsword claims the right of entrance,
Stop him, who dare!

Enter the Duke hastily.

Duke W. What, ho! sir King of Franks,
Sir King of Germans, and ye barons all,
Have I, whose father made your fathers quake,
No right to figure in your stately halls?
No place assigned me at your council board?—
Say have I stained my name with foul dishonour,
That I, the son of Rollo—I, the lord
Of Normandy, the nephew of King Louis,

Am left to cool my heels 'mid grooms and pages,
While meaner nobles find a welcome here?

King Louis (*gravely*). You, too, are welcome, duke, assume your place.

Duke W. *My* place! I will, when *others* know *their* places.

(*Advances towards Otho.*)

Rise up, sir king!

(*Otho starts up angrily.*)

Take a more fitting station!
Know that when Louis, King of Franks, is present,
None else should dare to place himself above him!

Barons and Knights below. He speaks the truth! Long live the valiant Longsword!

(*Otho remains standing behind his chair, leaning on it, with a gloomy air. Duke William stands on the right hand of King Louis.*)

King Louis. Proceed, sir chancellor, for now at least
No further interruption threatens us.

The scene closes.

SCENE THE SECOND.

An Ante-chamber. Chamberlains and other Officers.

(*The Chamberlain of King Louis enters from the Council Hall.*)

French Chamberlain. Place for King Louis!

Norman Chamberlain. Then the council 's over? And quickly, too?

French Chamberlain. Thanks to your Duke the Longsword,
His presence spurred them on. But hush, the King!
Place, place for Louis, Sovereign Lord of Franks!

(*Enter German Chamberlain.*)

German C. Place, too, for Otho, Sovereign of the Germans!

(*Enter King Louis. He passes across the stage in deep converse with Duke William, who is on his right hand; both exeunt, followed by their chamberlains.*)

(*Enter King Otho from the Council Chamber. He pauses, and speaks aside to his chamberlain.*)

Enter Duke Hugo and Marquis Arnold in deep conversation, from the Council Chamber. They pause at sight of King Otho, and remain close behind him, while the rest of the Council, Barons, Knights, etc., etc., cross, salute the king Otho, and exeunt.)

King Otho (*turning from his Chamberlain, who bows and exit*). A word with you, my friends.

(*Arnold and Hugo bow.*)

Arnold (*to his Chamberlain*). Keep watch without,
That none intrude upon our conference.

(*Exeunt the other Chamberlains.*)

Arnold. What are your orders, Sire?

Hugo. Command my service.

Arnold. And mine.

Otho (*looking at each in turn*). Say, do you speak
in sober earnestness,
May I indeed count on your services?
O yes! I read it on each noble brow,
I read it in the flashing of your eyes,—
In the determined setting of your teeth,—
Ye *will* stand by me in mine hour of need!
O thanks, my noble friends! now, now indeed

May I despise the insult and the insulter!
For my revenge is sure!

Hugo. Revenge on William?

Otho. Aye, on that insolent, who dared to beard me
In all my pride of rank and pomp of place!
Who forced me, in the sight of all the nobles,
To yield precedence, and so own myself,
Me, Otho, King of Germans, the inferior
Of Louis Outremer!
Never, O never
Can I forget it, NEVER WILL FORGIVE IT!

Hugo. It was a daring deed, one well befitting
The son of Rollo! of that fierce barbarian
King Louis' father chose to make a duke.

Arnold. Blame not King Charles; faith, he had little choice,
When myriad Normans thundered at the gates,
And Rollo claimed the kingdom for himself;
Charles gave a little to preserve the rest!

Otho. I see I have mistaken ye, my lords!
Ye do not wish to meddle with edged tools!
Ye are content this half-barbarian duke
Should lead King Louis according to his pleasure!
Be sure ere long he, who hath struck at me,

An eagle, will not leave ye, falcons, safe!

Arnold. Not so, King Otho. Now you do us wrong.

We have a long arrear of vengeance scored
Against these Normans, sire and son; be sure
We 'll pay it!

Otho. By removing him, 't is certain
We 'll do great service to the common weal.

Arnold. That may be, or may not be, but at least
We 'll rid ourselves of a detested rival,
And one to whom I owe a reckoning for the aid
He gave Count Ellowin against my forces;
One, too, whose bull-dog constancy and courage
Might make him dangerous as a counsellor
To Louis, should we one day turn against him.

Hugo. I am as willing as ye two can be
To rid the Earth of William with the Long Sword,
But think ye not King Louis may be roused
To vengeance for the loss of such a friend?
His nephew, too.

Otho. Louis doth lightly hold him!
Did he not slight him publicly this morn,
Excluding him from council?

Arnold. Yes, Duke William

Is too superior to this weakling king—
Too wise, too valiant to be loved by him;
Louis may feign some anger at his death
But in his secret soul he will rejoice;
Nay, as the guardian of his infant son
Richard, who 's called the Boy of Normandy,
May think the occasion meet to seize again
The dukedom Rollo won from Charles' fears!

Hugo. 'T is clear we need not dread to make the attempt;
But how shall it be done?

Arnold. Leave that to me;
William, though hot-headed, is frank and fearless;
I 'll summon him to meet me without escort
On business of high import at Pecquigny,
That almost island. When we part us there,
A well placed ambush silences him for ever!

Otho. And we?

Arnold. And ye, I hope, can keep your own good counsel;
I 'll manage no suspicion falls on me.
We 'll meet hereafter, when the deed is done,
And plan how best to make our profit by it!

Otho. Agreed!

Hugo. Agreed.

Arnold. Agreed; my friends, farewell!

(*Exeunt king Otho, Arnold, and Hugo.*)

End of the first act.

ACT THE SECOND.

Characters.

King Louis Outremer.

Richard, the Boy of Normandy, heir to the dukedom, seven years old.

Juhel, Count of Rennes.

Citizens, Courtiers, Pages, etc.

Alan the Crook-Beard, Count of Vannes.

Count Bernard, uncle to *Richard.*

Gaspard, the Seneschal.

Time: a month after the period of the first Act.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Ducal Palace at Rouen.*

The young *Duke Richard, the Boy of Normandy,* about seven years of age, dressed in black, is seated in a chair of state; at his right hand stands his uncle, Count Bernard of Senlis; at his left, Counts Juhel of Rennes and Alan of Vannes. In the background, two pages, a chamberlain, and others.

Count Bernard. Thanks, noble Juhel, and brave
Alan, thanks!
I proffer them in this poor orphan's name,
To whom you now have sworn fealty!
Richard. Nay, gentle uncle, I will thank them too,
And beg them, if they love me as they say,
To punish those who basely slew my father!
Juhel. Young sir, but place me front to front
with them,
And be they many, or be they but few,
Or they or I shall ne'er return alive!
Alan. I say the same. I 'd give two years of life
Once to confront the slayers of Duke William.
Richard. Say, uncle, who are they? for none will
tell me.
My nurse but weeps, so doth good Father Anselm,
And bids me pray for peace to Longsword's soul!
And thus my questionings are turned aside.
Bernard. Fair nephew, they have woven with
fiendish art
So close the web of their vile treachery,
As yet I but suspect, I cannot name them.

(*A trumpet sounds without.*)

Richard. What means that trumpet?

Bernard (*starting*). Ha! it seems to me
The royal trumpet note of Outremer!

Enter Gaspard the Seneschal.

Gaspard. My royal master, and you, noble count,
King Louis, with his courtiers, is at hand.

Bernard. So quickly! Were the gates unguarded, then?

Gaspard. Yes, noble sir, so great the throng of vassals
Pouring to pay the last sad duties here,
The gates have stood wide open since the morn:
But see, the king approaches with his train.

Enter King Louis, attended by courtiers and pages.

(*Count Bernard takes Richard by the hand, and advances to meet the king.*)

Bernard. Hail, royal sir! the honour of this visit
So little was expected, you must blame
The want of warning for this poor reception,
And not the lack of courtesy in us!

King Louis. My good Count Bernard, this is not a time

For ceremony. I have come to-day,
Not as the king, but as the friend and guardian
Of my young kinsman here, my sister's grandson,
The heir of my lamented friend, Duke William!

Bernard. His guardian! Pardon, sire! His father's will
Names ME as such.

King Louis. Nay, by the ancient law
The right to be his guardian rests with me,
The suzerain of this duchy.

Bernard. I dispute it!
And will defend my right with arms!

Richard. Dear uncle,
Were it not better keep your arms to fight
And slay the murderers? Oh! better far
Keep peace with good King Louis, who may help
To find these traitors and to crush them!

Bernard. Well thou reprovest me, and true it is,
Out of the mouth of babes there cometh wisdom!
Sir king, I am content to waive my rights,
If you will swear in the assembled sight
Of all the lieges of this noble boy,
To be a true and faithful guardian to him.

King Louis. I 'll swear it by mine honour and my life!

Count Bernard. His prisoner!
(*Aside*—Truly I fear he is but little better!)
My friends, take heed: King Louis claims to be
The friend and guardian of Duke Richard.

First Citizen. Aye!
Fair words are cheap, but, as the proverb says,
They butter not the parsnips! If so kind
The king, why not permit our Royal Boy
To breathe the air beyond the castle walls?

Count Bernard. Hath he refused him such permission?

Gaspard. Yes,
No later than this very morn. Besides,
Louis' courtiers treat him with contempt,
And speak with praise of one, who they declare
Rid them of Longsword.

Count Bernard (*eagerly*). And how call they him?

Gaspard. The Marquis Arnold, Flanders' Lord.

Count Bernard. I thought so!

A shout from the crowd. Curse on the traitor and those who uphold him!

Count Bernard (*apart to Juhel and Alan*). My lords, who lately swore your oath of homage
To William's son, and made him such high promise
Of vengeance, can ye hear unmoved what rouses
The fury of these citizens?

Count Juhel. Not I!

Count Alan. Nor I. I bear a loyal heart to Richard;

But thus much prudence have my gray hairs taught me,
Not to rush blindly on an enterprise
Without first weighing chances of success.
King Louis hath an overpowering force
Posted scarce three miles distant, and within
The city has a numerous guard. Let 's try
What peaceful means will do ere we provoke
Trial at arms.

Count Bernard. The old man counsels well.

First Citizen (*advancing to Bernard*). What must we do, my lord, to gain redress?

Count Bernard. Mount to the belfry, sound the mighty bell,

That in great perils calls the commons here,
And when assembled, hie ye to the castle.
Meantime, I 'll seek King Louis, and prepare him
To give you full content.

Citizens (*shout*). Long live Count Bernard.

(*Exeunt citizens at one side. Counts Bernard, Juhel, and Alan at the other.*)

Bernard. Then let us hasten to the hall of state,
And summon there the lieges.

King Louis. Come, fair nephew!

(*Takes Richard by the hand, and exit, followed by Counts Bernard, Juhel, etc.*)

SCENE THE SECOND.

(*A week later than the preceding.*)

A Square in Rouen, outside the Castle.

Enter several citizens, conversing with Gaspard.

First Citizen. Can it be true King Louis means to keep
Our damozel, the Boy of Normandy,
A captive?

Gaspard. Much I fear he does.
Why else remove him from the ducal palace,
Where all his father's faithful servants watched him,
To this strong castle? Why, this very morn,
When grieved to see the noble boy's pale cheek
And drooping head, I prayed he might go forth

Even for an hour to breathe the morning air,
Did harsh denial meet me?

First Citizen. Dared the king
Refuse our Boy so poor a pleasure? Friends,
Shall we permit this?

Citizens. No. He shall come forth!

Gaspard. Your clamour will do little; see, Count Bernard,
Duke Richard's uncle, comes. Consult with him
What ye should do to serve his youthful nephew.

Citizens. We will, we will.

Third Citizen (*to First Citizen*). Owen, speak thou for us!
Thou hast a supple tongue!

First Citizen. Well, as you will!

Enter Count Bernard, and the Counts Juhel and Alan.

Count Bernard. What means this gathering of the citizens?

First Citizen. Most noble count! it irks the men of Rouen,
And liege-men of the noble house of Rollo,
To have our cherished damozel, Duke Richard,
The prisoner of King Louis Outremer!

SCENE THE THIRD.

An apartment in the Castle.

(*The bell is heard pealing without.*)

Enter hastily King Louis, followed by courtiers, attendants, etc.

King Louis. What means this pealing of the commons' bell?
You, Gilbert, mount up to the highest tower,
And see what mean the trampling sounds I hear,
As of a multitude of passing feet.

Exit attendant.

(*Aside.*) To me it is an awful sound; I dread
To rouse the fiery spirit of those Normans:
Would I were safe in Laon's royal town!

Re-enter attendant.

King Louis. What have you seen?
Attendant. My lord, a crowd of men
Who fill the square below, while hundreds more
Are pouring down the streets that lead to it.

King Louis. Soldiers or citizens?

Attendant. They seem the latter,
Though very many bear the weight of arms.

King Louis (*aside*). This looks like mischief.

To a Courtier. Seek the young Duke Richard,
And bring him hither.

(*Exit Courtier.*)

Who 'd have thought these burghers
Would prove so fierce? Would I had placed mine army
Still nearer to the ramparts, or within them!

(*Loud cries heard without. Enter Count Bernard.*)

King Louis. Welcome, Count Bernard; say, can you explain
The tumult that I hear? the crowds that throng
The square beneath?

Count Bernard. 'T is the assembled commons,
Who come in arms in order to assail you
For keeping here by force their lord, Duke Richard.
If once they enter here in wrath, be sure
You cannot 'scape this fierce determined people!

King Louis (*with alarm*). What can I do to avert the threatening danger?

Count Bernard. The straight path is the best.
Take by the hand
The royal orphan, and from yonder window
Present him to the burghers; summon them
To send a deputation of their number
To whom you may remit them, if they will,
And swear you never meant the youngling harm.

King Louis. I 'll swear it! See (*enter attendant with Richard*),
My ward, Duke Richard, comes.

Richard (*runs to Bernard*). Ah! my good uncle, do we meet once more?

King Louis. Come, Richard, I must show you to the people.

(*The attendants open a window, the king and Richard step out on a balcony, shouts are heard, and then a voice speaking.*)

Gaspard (*advances eagerly to Count Bernard*). What have you won from him? Duke Richard's freedom?

Bernard. I hope so.

Gaspard. Why not make it sure? 'T is vain
To trust the king, unless he fear you, sir.

(*Re-enter the king and the young duke.*)

King Louis. The deputation come! My dearest Richard,
Let us stand thus, my arm around your neck,
'T is so I love to be.

Richard (*laughing*). Dear uncle Bernard,
How fond my guardian king grows of a sudden!

Count Bernard. Hush, froward boy!

King Louis. Nay, check him not, my lord,
My deeds shall prove my love is most sincere.

(*Enter Counts Juhel and Alan, First and Second Citizens.*)

King Louis. Are ye the deputation from the burghers? (*They bow*).
If so, why stand these noble counts among you?

First Citizen. These, noble sir, have shown themselves true friends,
In the worst times, unto the commons.

King Louis. Aye!
'T is therefore that ye choose them? they are welcome.

Fair lords, and ye, the good and loyal burghers,
Behold your prince; I will not keep him from you!
I came here with no purpose save to seek,
In concert with you all, the means of vengeance
On Flemish Arnold, slayer of Duke William.
For look ye, it was William, called the Longsword,
Who first recalled me from my English exile,
And placed me on the glorious throne I hold.
'T was he, too, won for me alliance high
With Otho, sovereign Lord of Germany:
He held my infant son upon the font;
He loaded me with services of price,—
For which I pray that I may one day find
The way to give his son a worthy guerdon!
Say will ye take him from my guardianship?

First Citizen. We will be guided by these noble lords:
Whatever they decide shall satisfy us.

King Louis. To you, then, noble sirs, I turn and ask,
Think you the damozel in safety here?
Arnold is powerful, he is watchful too;—
Should I withdraw mine army from this country
(As soon per force I must), may not the marquis,
Assisted by the Duke of Burgundy,

Attack the city, carry off the boy,
And keep him as a hostage long, long years,
Perchance for life, or till he force a pardon,
Or more than pardon, counties, fortress towns,
As hard conditions for the youth's release?
If you are satisfied to run the risk,
Why, in God's name, keep here the noble boy,
But blame not me if evil hap to him.
For me, I hie me back to Laon's walls,
My royal city, and do you, my lords,
Prepare yourselves to join me in the war
I am about proclaiming. Here I swear
So to revenge the murder of Duke William,
That Flanders shall be wasted to its bounds,
And never shall the murderers of your prince
Find peace with me!

Now, if you give me leave
To take the charge of this your youthful lord,
He shall be nobly nurtured in my palace,—
Shall be in all things treated as my son,
Brought up to learning worthy of his race,
And early trained to deeds of high emprise!
So that, when he attains the age of manhood,
Ye shall receive a wise and valiant ruler!

First Citizen. Methinks 't were pity keep him from such care.

Second Citizen. Aye, and perchance when most of us are gone,
Led by these noble counts to join King Louis,
The crafty Arnold may seize on our boy.

(*The three Counts are consulting together during this speech.*)

Count Juhel. I am no orator, nor deeply skilled
In lore of courts, but yet it seems to me
King Louis makes a noble offer.

Count Alan. Aye,
A noble offer, if he keeps his word.

King Louis. If! I disdain to answer such an *if*.
I pledge my royal word,—that is enough.

Count Bernard. Well, sire, relying on that royal word,
And seeing danger threats the damozel
If left within the walls of Rouen's town,
We solemnly commit this precious charge
To your safe keeping. King and gentleman,
Dare not abuse the trust reposed in you!

King Louis. Let 's to the square beneath: there publicly
I 'll take the oath to guard the precious trust.

(*Takes Richard by the hand, and exeunt all, save Count Bernard.*)

Count Bernard. My mind misgives me that this wily king
Meaneth but little good to Richard, yet
I cannot check the confidence the people,
And even the counts, are ready to give Louis.

(*Enter Gaspard hastily.*)

Gaspard. Remains the Boy of Normandy with us?

Count Bernard. No, good old man, King Louis hath persuaded
Burghers and counts to give him in his wardship.

Gaspard. Then Heaven avert all evil from his head!
O woe is me I lived to see this day!
But, though desponding, still I 'll watch o'er him!
Ye guardian powers that love the innocent,
Assist the righteous cause, and save the boy!

(*Scene closes.*)

ACT THE THIRD.

Time, *a year later.* Place, *at Laon.*

Characters.

Richard, the Boy of Normandy.
Osmond, one of King Louis' Chamberlains.
Gaspard, Seneschal of Rouen.
Count Bernard of Senlis. Count Alan. Count Juhel.
Norman Nobles, Attendants, Grooms.
Archbishop of Rheims.
Engelberga, Queen of *Louis*, and sister of *Otho* of Germany.
Alice, a Lady of Honour. *Ladies, Pages, etc., etc.*

SCENE I. *A Hall in the Palace at Laon.*

(*Enter Duke Richard and Osmond.*)

Duke R. Nay, Osmond, do not be so churlish with me;
Let me go forth with you but this one day!
I do so wish to breathe the fresh, wild air,
Long, long denied me! Take me with thee, Osmond!

Osmond. My noble damozel, I dare not do it.

The king my master's orders are express,
You must not go beyond these palace gates.

Richard. How! dares the felon king to keep me captive?

For none but wretched captives are forbid
To pass the gates of those whose thralls they are.

Osmond. Calm you, fair sir, you are no captive here.

Richard. What else am I? How many weeks have passed
Since I beheld the outside of these walls?
Condemned for daily exercise to pace
(Like mill-horse toiling on his weary round)
The nook of slimy earth they call a garden,
Shut almost from the sky by girdling walls?
O Osmond! Osmond! take me but this once!

Osmond. Would I could dare!

Richard (*eagerly*). You may, with scarce a chance
Of its being known to Louis Outremer.
I saw him ride forth scarce an hour ago,
With hunting train, with hawk, and hound, and horn!

Osmond. Aye, they are gone to spend a glorious day

In the oak forest, leaving me at home
To play the turnkey to a hapless child!

Richard. You are by far too good for such a duty.

Bethink thee, Osmond, thou art half my liegeman!
I know thy mother was of Norman race.
(*Laughing.*) Obey the orders of your mighty duke,
And let him spend one happy hour abroad!

Osmond. In faith I will! There is but little risk,
And were it doubled, I would run it for thee!

Richard. That 's my true hearted Osmond!

Osmond. Wait my coming
In the low corridor beside the garden:
I go to seek the postern key.

(*Exit Osmond.*)

Richard. O joy of joys! Now by my princely word,
When I am reigning o'er my Normandy,
Osmond, I 'll not forget this deed nor thee!

(*Exit Richard.*)

SCENE THE SECOND.

An eminence overlooking the river, a very retired spot, not far from the walls of Laon.

(*Enter Osmond.*)

Osmond. How the poor boy enjoys his short-lived freedom!
When first he sallied forth, how swift he bounded,
And seemed as if he chased the very wind!
Now grown more calm, he, with as true a zest,
Hath set to angling on the river's brink,
With line of cord and hook of crooked pin!
This spot that overlooks both town and river,
And the well-trodden pathway to the gates,
As well as that which leads here from the plains,
Is the best place for me. I must take care
No prying eye beholds the truant prince.

(*A pause, Osmond looks cautiously round, and then continues.*)

A weight of care oppresses me to-day!
Would I were sure that Louis means him well!
True spoke the princeling, I *am* half his liegeman

By birth, and more than half by love and pity!
But soft, there 's some one toiling up the path
That leads here from the plains!—pooh! 't is a beggar!

(*Enter Gaspard, disguised as a beggar.*)

Gaspard. The blessing of the aged rest on you,
Sir noble or sir knight; bestow an alms
On a poor wanderer.

Osmond. No noble I,
Nor knight, yet willingly I give to thee
The mite my means allow of (*gives an alms*).

Gaspard. Thanks, good sir.

Osmond. Well, you have come from far, mine honest friend,
Say, have you nothing new or strange to tell me?

Gaspard. Something both strange and new I have to tell.
Know you that Arnold, lord of fertile Flanders,
Stood charged by Louis, noble King of Franks,
With the foul murder of the great Duke William?

Osmond. Too well I know it!

Gaspard. Aye, but this you know not,
I 'll warrant me, Arnold has cleared himself
By oath from any share in William's death?

Osmond. By oath, you say! Supported then by proofs?

Gaspard. Not so, but by his simple, single oath.

Osmond. And Louis did not drive him from his presence

As perjurer as well as murderer?

Gaspard. No;

He took him by the hand, he kissed his cheek,

And publicly proclaimed him innocent!

Osmond. I 'm lost in wonder!

Gaspard (*looks closely at him*). Can you tell me, sir,

Is 't true that Louis keeps his princely ward,

The Boy of Normandy, in close confinement?

Osmond (*smiling*). Not *very* close! but wherefore ask you me?

Gaspard. Because 't is rumoured that he means him ill,

And hath engaged the service of one Osmond,

A mongrel Norman, to act spy o'er him.

Osmond (*fiercely*). 'T is well you are an old man and a beggar,

Or this were your last moment upon Earth!

Gaspard. Then you are Osmond, and an honest man?

Osmond. How!

Gaspard. I am no beggar, but the seneschal
Of Normandy, true liegeman to Duke Richard:
I heard from one who knows you well, that Osmond
Would never be a tool for treachery!

Osmond. Who judged me with such kindness?

Gaspard. No one less
Than Rheims' right reverend lord archbishop.

Osmond. Ha!

Gaspard (*shows a ring*). He bade me show you this, his signet ring,
In token you might place your trust in me;
And further, that, should danger threat the Boy,
In Rheims both he and you may find sure refuge.

Osmond. Indeed! I would not lightly think the king,
My lord and master, means ill to his ward.

Gaspard. But should he?

Osmond. Should he, then I 'd hold myself
From all restraints of duty fully freed,
And save the princely Boy, or die with him!

Gaspard (*grasps his hand*). Well said, thou noble soul! Give me thy hand.
Remember, bring but once the Boy to Rheims,
And crowds of faithful friends will fly to arms!

Osmond. I take no step unless I am compelled.
And now begone ere some one sees you here.

Gaspard. I 'm gone. May Heaven inspire thy future deeds.

(*Exit Gaspard.*)

Osmond (*alone*). Amen! for my part is one hard to play!
But I 'm resolved, I 'll see no wrong to Richard,
Done by myself or others. Heaven protect him!

(*Exit Osmond.*)

SCENE THE THIRD.

The Queen's apartments in the Castle.

Queen Engelberga discovered seated at a table, a letter in her hand.

Queen E. So then my royal brother, German Otho,
Still fears the puny Boy of Normandy,—
Still dreads that Louis may be led to free him!
He little knows my husband! Outremer,
Even as himself, doth loathe the serpent spawn

Of the barbarian Rollo and his son,
The insolent Duke Longsword! Did the time
But serve, as willingly would Louis crush it
Beneath his armed heel, as Otho's self!
But what cannot be done by open force,
May be performed as well by quiet fraud.
Here in close keeping Richard wastes his days,
Untaught, uncared for, and debarred alike
The studies and the sports that suit his years:
So shall his spirit sink, his health give way,
And, without violence, his life be shortened!
It must be so, that our son may inherit
A kingdom worthy of his royal blood;
And that my brother may not meet a foe,
More deadly to his hopes than was Duke William.
Now, ere I write an answer to this letter,
Must I hold converse with this Boy.
Without there!

(*Enter Alice, one of her ladies.*)

Queen E. Summon the damozel of Normandy.

Alice. Most gracious lady, not one hour ago,
I saw him pass the postern gate with Osmond,
And but this moment learned they 're still abroad.

Queen E. (*rising angrily*). What! has the varlet dared, without permission,
To take his charge beyond the palace gates?
Alice, direct my steward to send forth
Those who shall seek, and bring them to my presence.

(*Exit Alice.*)

Queen E. What if some treason lurk within these walls?
What if this Osmond have escaped with Richard?
Then I shall bear the brunt of Louis' anger!
No, no, it cannot, and it shall not be!
What, ho! my pages!

(*Enter two pages.*)

Let the seneschal
Send horsemen forth to scour the country round,
And bring the Boy of Normandy and Osmond
Back to the palace.

(*Enter Alice.*)

Alice. Madam, they are here!

(*Enter Duke Richard and Osmond.*)

Duke Richard. My gracious aunt, what would your highness with me?

Queen E. *Thy* aunt, young insolent! No aunt of thine,
Thou frontless boy! How canst thou meet my gaze
With that unblushing cheek?

Duke Richard. Why should I blush?
I have nor sin nor shame to blush for, madam.

Queen E. Thou liest, boy! Thou shouldst be bent with shame
For meanly stealing forth from custody,
Without permission.

Duke Richard. I but sought to breathe
The blessed air that 's common to all men,
Untrammelled by high walls and giant towers.

Queen E. Be thankful if you breathe it for the future
Coming through dungeon bars! I tell thee, boy,
If once again thou breakest out of bounds,
I 'll have the sinews of thy legs cut through,
And keep thee quiet thus!
(*To Osmond.*) For thee, base minion,
If thou offend again, I swear to thee,
I 'll have thee blinded with a red-hot steel,
And shut for life, like linnet in a cage!
Remember well my words, or dread my wrath!
Back to your quarters,—be ye warned in time.

(*Exeunt Queen E., lady, and pages.*)

Duke Richard. Well, I could almost laugh to see her fury!

Osmond. It is no laughing matter, gracious boy! Come to your room! She 's given me much to think on!

(*Exeunt Osmond and Richard.*)

SCENE THE FOURTH.

(*Three days later.*)

The apartments of Duke Richard in a Tower of the Castle.

The Duke is seated at an open window; he looks listless and sad.

(*Osmond enters at the back, and remains unseen by him, observing him attentively.*)

Duke Richard (*sings*).

SONG.

My Normandy! My Normandy!
Land of my happy infancy!
Oft in my dreams I visit thee,
Beloved home! sweet Normandy!

Torn from thee in my childhood hour,
Confined within this dreary tower,
My sinking spirit sighs for thee—
Home of my heart, my Normandy!

My Normandy! My Normandy!
Have all mine own forgotten me!
If so, I ne'er again shall see
My native land, my Normandy!

Osmond. No, good my lord, your own have not forgot you!

Duke Richard (*starting up*). What mean you, Osmond? Oh! for pity's sake,
Give no false hopes, or you will cause my death!

Osmond. The saints forbid! I mean, my noble master,
If you be guided in all things by me,
You very soon shall hail your own dear realm.

Duke Richard. I will obey thee as a very slave!
I 'll watch thy motions even as a dog
Watches each movement of a much loved master!

Osmond. Nay, you must rather seem to heed me not;
Preserve the listless air you wore just now;

Lay yourself on your couch; take little food;
So that your jailers think you sick to death
With pining in this prison.

Duke Richard. I was near it!
Had not your words revived me with fresh hope.

Osmond. Keep up this seeming for a day or two;
But hold you ready, at a moment's warning,
To grasp whatever manner of escape
I may propose to you.

Duke Richard. Be sure I will,
Without one question, such my trust in thee!

Osmond. I thank thee, and will prove me worthy of it.
I 've had communication with thy friends,
But 't was the fury of Queen Engelberga
Determined me upon the attempt I purpose.
Louis's treason burst forth in her rage.

Duke Richard. Blessed be her fury if it bring me freedom!

Osmond. Enough. Be cautious, speak but few faint words,
And lay you down. I must go forth; I 'm ordered,
As punishment, each day to groom my horse.
Be sure I 'll soon make opportunity

For your escape!

Duke Richard. Heaven prosper thee!

Osmond. Amen.

(*Exit Osmond.* *Scene closes.*)

SCENE THE FIFTH.

Time, *a day later.*

A court-yard with stables belonging to the Palace—A group of Grooms in conversation.

First Groom. Ha, ha, ha, ha! faith that 's a right good joke!

Osmond, the haughty chamberlain, disgraced,
And forced to herd with us! I scarce believe it!

Second Groom. But 't is quite true: question them all around,

Ask Ralph or Fulbert, they will say the same.

Third Groom. Yes, while you were away on the king's errands,

Brave master Osmond vexed Queen Engelberga,
By bringing that poor Norman Boy to walk
Outside the castle. Richard 's sick to death,
And Osmond, forced to brook the Queen's disgrace,

Finds now no easy fool to be his servant,
But cleans and cares his horse like one of us.

Second Groom. Like one of us! Forsooth he 's far more careful.

What think you? While ago he left this stable
To seek fresh forage for his precious horse!
Our hay it seems is not half sweet enough
For Osmond's quadruped!

All (*laughing*). Oh! what a dunce!

First Groom. 'Fore George. I 'd like to see him feed his beast;

I 'll wait his coming here!

Second Groom. Well, if you do,
You are a greater blockhead than himself!
The supper bell has rung, and the grim pantler
Will give no food to any one that 's late.

First Groom. Is it even so? Well then, heigh for the buttery!

(*Exit First Groom.*)

Second Groom (*laughs*). I knew I 'd make him trot!
Ha! here comes Osmond!

(*Enter Osmond, carrying a very large bundle of hay. The groom laughs at him.*)

Second Groom. Much good may 't do you and your horse, good Osmond.
I 'll to the buttery hatch, for men must feed
As well as beasts.

Osmond. Much good may that do you!

(*Exeunt Grooms. Osmond watches until the last has disappeared, and follows them to the gate, where he stands looking out for a minute, then returning, sets his bundle of hay on the ground.*)

Osmond (*in a low, distinct tone*). Come forth, my brave young prince, the coast is clear.
Come forth! (*Opens the bundle of hay, and shows Duke Richard, who rises.*)

D. Richard. Are they departed, then?
What next, dear friend?

Osmond. Within this stable here
My gallant steed stands saddled for the journey.
Come in. I 'll wrap once more this hay around you,
Place you before me as I mount, and then
Pass thro' the gates that open from the stable
Upon the river's brink, there spur my horse,
And, favoured by the mists of closing eve,
Reach, with God's help, our haven ere 't is midnight!

Duke Richard. God's help be round us! On, my trusty Osmond!

(*Exeunt Richard and Osmond into the stable.*)

SCENE THE SIXTH.

A large apartment in the Archbishop's Palace at Rheims. The Archbishop seated at a table on which there is wine: on his right Count Bernard of Senlis, on his left Counts Juhel and Alan. Count Bernard seems much disturbed, and more than once starts up and paces the room.

The Archbishop. What troubles you, my lord? Since eve hath fallen,
And deepened into night, you scarce have spoke,
But sigh, and start, and stride along the hall.

Count Bernard. Alas! my reverend lord, you well may guess
The cause of my emotion. Now three nights
Have passed away in fruitless expectation,
And yet no tidings of our precious boy!
I fear that Osmond plays us false—that Gaspard,
In his confiding nature, has been met
By treachery, and Louis Outremer,

Warned of our project, may consign the Duke
To endless prison, nay, per chance to death!

Count Juhel. Nay, Bernard, that he dare not! False is Louis,
And base and cruel, but too dastardly
To venture upon murder of the boy.

Count Bernard. O no, not open murder; secret slaughter,
Or slow consuming of his blooming youth
In charnel damps of dungeons! Such the weapons
I dread from Louis. O mad fool was I,
To place my royal nephew in such wardship!

Archbishop. Be patient, noble count, and trust in Heaven!

Count Bernard. I strive for patience, but it 's very hard!
Where is the good old Gaspard? when he 's near me,
His sanguine nature raises up my hopes.

Count Alan. It was said he rode forth after set of sun,
In hopes to gain some tidings of the duke.

(*Shouts without.*)

Archbishop. Did you not hear? Those shouts appear of triumph!

Count Alan. May Heaven grant they may bring happy tidings!

(*Count Bernard and Count Juhel hastily approach the side scene, when enter hastily Gaspard.*)

Gaspard. Good news! good news! the Duke is at the door!

Archbishop. Now praise to Heaven for all its mercies to us!

(*More shouting. Enter hastily Duke Richard, leading Osmond by the hand, followed by knights, nobles, etc., etc.*)

Count Bernard. My darling boy (*embraces him, then falls on his knee*). Welcome my lord, the Duke!

Duke Richard (*bending to the Archbishop*). Your blessing, gracious lord!

Archbishop. Thou hast it, son!

(*Counts Juhel and Alan bend their knee to Duke Richard, who embraces them. Gaspard approaches him humbly.*)

Duke Richard. Thee, too, my worthy Gaspard, nearer still,
I must embrace, and thank thee for thy love (*embraces him*).

Gaspard. Praised be the Lord, that I have seen this day!

Duke Richard. My reverend lord, mine uncle, noble knights (*takes Osmond by the hand*),
Behold the man I hold here by the hand
'T is him I have to thank for being free!
Though, as a child I have no power to place him
As high as he deserves, THIS I may do:
Vow in this noble presence to regard him,
My whole life through, as a most tender father.
He cheered me in my lonely prison hours—
He, he alone, gave me some slight instruction:
He taught me how to seek for help on High!
He risked his life to rescue mine from peril!
O uncle Bernard, nobles, honour him,
And cry with me, "Long live the virtuous Osmond!"

All. Long live the virtuous Osmond!"

Osmond. Dearest prince,
You overpower me with too high a sense
Of gratitude for service little worthy.
I did but do my duty. For the future

I 'll strive to do Duke Richard nobler service.

Duke Richard. That were impossible. A time will come,
My Osmond, when I can reward thee fitly.
But now, my lieges, we 'll prepare for war,
And bravely win our rights ere we enjoy them!

All. We will, we will. Long live the noble Richard!
Long live the worthy son of William Longsword!

The Curtain falls.

THE END.

THREE SONNETS.

THE ASPHODEL.

(Rome.)

PALE Asphodel! I saw thee growing wild
Where the Campagna, like a verdant sea
With capes and promontories, stretches free
Beyond the walls of Rome. The sun's rays smiled
That morn through rain drops falling silently,

As on our way to ancient Tivoli
We passed along by many a ruined tomb
Or tower, from which looked forth a sunburnt child,
Or whence we saw some dark-eyed peasant come,
Guiding his oxen and his buffaloes
To pasture, while himself a horse bestrode,
And held in air, poised like a spear, his goad.
Then, Asphodel, thy flowers before me rose,
Ghastly and ghost-like, as though the abode
Their birth-place were of death and endless woes!

THE ANEMONE.

(Rome.)

BEYOND the city, on the sloping side
Of the Janiculum, the place I see
Whereon the trees of Villa Pamfili
(Those noble ilex avenues) stretch wide,
Neighboured by pines of greater majesty
(Like heroes that o'er meaner men preside!),
How in those grounds did I delight to be
When, in the early spring time of the year,

Anemones, rose-tinted, dip serene
With visions beautiful and revealing eyes!
Methinks I feel the soft breeze fanning me,
Methinks I see the Anemones arise
Beneath the silkiness of those genial skies
And they seem alone as recollection does!

THE FLY ORCHIS.

[illegible]

FLY Orchis! strangest caprice of nature's hand,
I saw thee growing in that wild ground
Thou wast the First Fly may be found,
That wild which must stand a monument
Of [illegible] as ever trod in Roman land;
Rare were and most astounding ornament!
And yet, so fair and subtle is the sea,
That she imparts what want of judgment planned,
While picking up the weed to fill dangers
In all of nature's gifts that meet the sight,
And grazing herd, upon the mountain ground,
That, topped with snow, the far horizon bounds,
The Sublime hills, their very names resound!
Giving with Fancy wing to make her flight!

A SONNET.

Addressed to the niece of Washington Irving (Mrs. Charles Aylett Kell).

LADY, within whose veins the blood doth flow
Of one of nature's magnates, from whose lore
England her daughter-land first learned to know,
(Those states upon the far Atlantic shore ;)
It grieves me much that thou shouldst now deplore
The loss of one who, all who knew him, tell
Was all that 's good and noble !
Aylett Kell,
The tears that I have seen poured forth for thee,
Speak of thy virtues far more potently
Than pomp funereal or than pealing bell !
Mayest thou after, life's long toil, sleep well,
And at the final judgment day arise
To meet all thy beloved ones in the skies
In blest reunion for eternity !

TO THE QUEEN.

December, 1861.

"GOD save the Queen!"
No flatterer am I,
But from my heart I breathe that earnest prayer,
For sure it is a thing of all most rare,
Such good to find in one was "born so high,
Whose aerie in the cedar's top doth build,
And dallies with the wild wind rushing by,
And scorns the sun!"
Well hath our Queen fulfilled
The duties of a mother and a wife.
The bright examples of her spotless life
Hath done good service unto virtue's cause;
Well, too, hath she administered the laws,
And borne the burthen of authority
Kindly and meekly. Hence it is that we,
VICTORIA, in thy grief do grieve with thee.

TRANSLATIONS.

LISBERTHA.

"Done into verse",
From the *Magic Ring* of La Motte Fouqué.

YOU ask a tale to speed the laggard hours
And glad your spirits at the festive board.
I know not such. My tales are all of woe—
My harp is strung to notes of grief alone!
If such may please you, list, and you shall hear
The sad, sweet story of the fair Lisbertha.

'T was in the sunny land of Italy,
Mine own dear native land, within the walls
Of Milan's ancient city, that there dwelt
A maiden, modest, gentle, and retired,
And so surpassing fair, she seemed like one
Of those bright beings painters' dreams frame forth,
Or poets' fancy in their highest hour
Of inspiration. Though she shunned the gaze

Of all, yet ev'n as diamonds sparkle out
Amid the deepest shade, her charms were known,
And she the "beautiful Lisbertha" named
By her admiring fellow-citizens.

It so befell, on some high festival,
When, in procession thro' the public streets,
The fairest maidens, decked in flowery wreaths,
And singing hymns, to the cathedral walked,
That she, as loveliest of all, was named
To lead them on, and, by her wondrous charms,
Enhance the grandeur of the spectacle.
As I have said, Lisbertha knew not pride,
And her sole motive in accepting now
The place assigned her by the general voice,
Was, that she deemed it but fulfilment meet
Of a religious duty.

On the morn
For the procession fixed, she rose betimes,
And having decked herself with rich attire,
With store of jewels and with wreaths of flowers,
She wandered forth, woo'd by the balmy air
Of spring, which thro' her open lattice breathed,
Into the spacious garden that around

Her wealthy father's spacious mansion lay.
She passed along, thro' many a shady walk
And lofty avenue, where might be found
The richest fruit trees and the fairest flowers;
And reached at last the borders of a lake,
That, clear as crystal, spread its waters there,
And, like a sleeping beauty, in the arms
Of the green thickets clustering round it lay.
As if by magic, spell-bound to the spot,
Lisbertha stood upon the brink, and gazed
On her fair image mirrored in the flood,
In all the pomp and pride of rich array
And glittering jewels, till, like him of old,
The hapless boy, Narcissus, she was led
To wonder at her own great loveliness:
At length, by vigorous effort, she withdrew
Her eyes from the bright mirror, and to chase
All thoughts of its delusion, turned her gaze
Upon the objects that surrounded her.
Scarce had she done so when, among the grass
She something spied that bright as silver shone.
Rejoiced at aught that could divert her thoughts,
And curious to find out what meadow flower
Could shed such radiance, she approached the spot,
And to her wonder found it was a sword,

With golden hilt and scabbard silver bound,
That mid the herbage lay. She took it up,
As though it were a toy—though till that hour
She shunned to touch such warlike instruments,—
Nay, even drew it half way from the sheath,
And marvelled to perceive her features now,
In greater beauty, were reflected back
From the smooth surface of the polished steel,
Than they had been within the limpid wave,
While less perplexity of mind she felt.
Ah! poor Lisbertha! little didst thou deem
Thou hadst within thy hands the fatal means
Of thy destruction—which was to cut down,
Like to a ruthless scythe, the blooming flower
Of thy felicity and life at once!
Such evil sprang not from the sword alone,
But thou the victim wert foredoomed to be
Of him by whom 't was wielded and possessed.

Forth from the verdant thicket stept a knight,
Armed, save his sword—not in the bloom of youth,
But with such dignity of form and mien,
That at his sight the fair Lisbertha felt
Such an emotion of respect that scarce
She could refrain from kneeling at his feet.

"Fairest of damsels", said the stranger knight
(With such deep, manly tenderness of tone,
As might have moved a colder heart than hers),
"Beware of wounding with that sharp-edged sword
Those lovely hands! Better my heart's blood flowed,
Than from those veins one crimson drop were shed!"
On this, with courtesy and deep respect
He took the sword from her, and sheathing it,
Replaced it in the belt upon his side.
Ere she had time for further speech, there came
Upon the breeze the sound of many a voice,
Calling the fair Lisbertha forth to join
In the procession, which had now begun.
The timid girl signed to him to retire,
And, bending low, he instant disappeared
Through the green hedges which the garden bound.
With what confusion was the pageant grand,—
The singing of the choir, the people's shouts,—
Blended and lost to poor Lisbertha's sense,
It boots not to describe; besides, in truth,
My heart is wrung to think of the sad fate
Awaiting the poor victim. I have dwelt
So long upon her early life, because
I know how very mournful were the events
Which afterwards befell her; but delay

Is useless now, and to the fated end
I will proceed at a more hurried pace.

Upon the evening of the festival,
As, lost in thought, she at her window sate,
The sun, declining to his setting, shone
So brightly, that she could not but observe
Her favourite flower, a tall and slender plant,
Had broken loose from its supports, and hung
From the veranda towards the terrace walk
That lay beneath. She bent to draw it up,
And saw a figure through the garden glide,
Which, at a glance, she recognized to be
That of the knight she had that morning seen,
The owner of the brightly gleaming sword.
In haste she raised the flower, with full intent
Of quick retreat, but to her great amaze,
A letter was attached thereto, no doubt
The work of the mysterious stranger, and when read,
It proved indeed from him. He told his love,
Announced himself a knight from some far land,
Known in the walls of Milan by the name
Of Signor Ugo, of whose warlike deeds
And noble conduct fair Lisbertha oft
Had many and many a wondrous story heard.

Her heart, already in his favour moved,
Soon yielded when she thought on the high praise
By all bestowed on him. The blooming plant
Ere long again was loosened from its prop,
And sent down with her embassy of love
In answer to that which she had received,
And soon again bore Ugo's message back.
'T was thus that salutations went and came;
Until at length, one balmy summer's night,
When but the nightingale was heard abroad,
Lisbertha went herself, by moonlight, down
The private stair that to the garden led:
For in the night hours she was sure that none
Would come their conversation to disturb.

It came to pass in some short space of time,
That though Lisbertha's letters duly went
Down by the faithful plant, yet no one came
To take them from their verdant envelope,
And when she drew it up, she found them still,—
Alas! unopened. When some days had passed
In anxious expectation, she began
To make inquiries for the stranger knight,
And learned that many days before, he went
Suddenly, and in silence, from the town,

While none could tell the place where he was gone.
Yet every night the hapless damsel bent
The plant down to the terrace, as of old,
And when she drew it up again, and found
No letter, long and bitterly she wept.
Thus passed away the days, until at last
Her heart was broken—fair Lisbertha died.
A lady who had won her confidence,
After her death procured the fatal flower,
And planted it upon her grave. There, oft
Have I beheld it, spreading its green shade
And fragrance on that lone and mournful place.

DON GAYSEROS.

Translated from the German.

PART I.

"DON Gayseros, Don Gayseros!
Beautiful but wayward knight,
From my castle forth thou 'st drawn me,
Dearest! with thy words of might!"

"The calm woods with thee united,
And the evening star of love,
To allure me: say, then, dearest,
Whither shall our footsteps rove?"

"Donna Clara, Donna Clara,
Star that guides my wand'ring way,
Thou art mistress, I thy vassal;
Order thou, I will obey".

"O'er the hill, then, let us wander,
Where the cross is reared above,
And returning by the chapel,
Homeward through the meadows rove".

"Wherefore by the chapel, dearest?
Wherefore by the cross, I pray?"
"Nay, I thought thou wert my vassal,
Mine to order, thine obey!"

"Yes, O yes! I am thy vassal,
Wheresoe'er thou bid'st, I rove!"
So they wandered through the forest,
All their thoughts, their words, of love.

"Wherefore, when the cross we passed by,
Don Gayseros, didst not thou,
As is wont with all true Christians,
In the Saviour's honour bow?"

"Donna Clara, Donna Clara,
Could aught else attract my view,
When thy tender hands were twining
Night flowers sparkling yet with dew?"

"Don Gayseros, Don Gayseros,
Couldst thou not at least reply
When the pious monk did greet thee,
Saying, 'Peace from Christ on high!'?"

"Donna Clara, Donna Clara,
What could my attention move,
What other sound could win a hearing,
When thou, whispering, saidst, 'I love'?"

"Don Gayseros, near the chapel,
The consecrated water bright
Sparkles in its marble basin,
Do as I, my own true knight!"

"Donna Clara, Donna Clara,
I am blinded in the glare
Of thy dazzling eyes, and even
Lose myself when looking there!"

"Don Gayseros, if my vassal,
As I do, the same shouldst thou:
Bathe thy right hand in the water,
Sign the cross upon thy brow!"

Don Gayseros, shocked and silent,
Through the forest fled amain;
Donna Clara, grieved and trembling,
To her castle turned again.

PART II.

NEXT night the lute was heard to sound,
Where oft it had been heard before,
And once more came the stranger knight,
In song his mistress to implore.

At length the casement opened wide,
And Donna Clara came at last,—
But fearful was the glance below,
That through the dewy dark she cast.

No vows of never-ending love,
No soothing words she uttered now,
But solemnly adjured the knight—
"Dark lover, answer, what art thou?

"By all our love, I now conjure thee,
By thy soul's peace, to tell me true,
Art thou within the Church's pale,
A Christian, and a Spaniard too?"

"Strong is thine adjuration, love,
Nor at thy bidding will I fail,—
Alas! I am no Spanish knight,
Nor stand I in thy Church's pale!

"Lady! a Moorish king am I—
My heart inflamed with love for thee!
Great is my power—my riches great—
Greater than both my bravery!

"Brightly bloom Granada's gardens,
Golden stand Alhambra's towers—
Moors await their queen and mistress:
Fly with me through night's dark hours!"

"Away, away thou false soul-robber!
Away thou"—*foe*, she would have said,
But ere her lips the words could utter,
A veil's thick folds enwrapped her head!

Powerless beneath that shrouding mantle,
He held her lovely form embraced;
Lightly bore her to his war horse,
And away! with headlong haste!

PART III.

IN the early morning sky
The cloudless sun beams brilliantly!
But blood upon the meadows lies,
And riderless a war-horse flies,
Gallops, afrighted, round and round
In endless circles on the ground

Where a group of horsemen stand,
A silent and a sorrowing band.
Moorish monarch! thou art slain
By the valiant brothers twain,
Who thy bold attempt had seen
In the forest's alleys green.
By the corse kneels Donna Clare
(All unbound her golden hair)
Motionless on that sad spot,
In her grief concealing not
How beloved was the dead!
Nothing hears she that is said:
In vain priests preach and brothers pray,
Nothing heeds she what they say.
The sun sinks down, the stars arise,
The eagle mounts, then leaves the skies,
All else knows mutability,
But still unchangeable is she!
At length for her the brothers rear
An altar and a chapel there.
In prayer her life now wears away,—
Year by year and day by day
This breathing victim's tears and sighs
For her lover's soul arise,
A continual sacrifice!

A FRAGMENT.

From the French of Alphonse Karr.

'TWAS alone one of these bye-past eves,
Alone, on the green turf beside a stream;—
The stars of night through the dark poplar leaves,
Like fruits of fire, did on the foliage gleam.
The sun had left behind him, as he set,
A purple deepening into violet.

The moon rose full and red o'er the high ground,
Behind the church with peaked roof ivy-crowned;
Nought could be heard but the wave flowing on
And breaking 'gainst my boat with murmuring moan;
And my dog's heavy breathing in his dream,—
And 'neath the yellow lilies of the stream,—
The frogs that croaked their chorus harsh of tone!

* * * * *

And I was tranced in those strange ecstacies,
The which there are no words of power to paint!
My soul woke up amid the odours faint

That flowers at night give forth to the wild breeze.
My dreams of long ago, so bright, so dear,
Came back to sport 'mong the dark herbage here,
Even as in day-light, 'neath the sun's warm ray,
Like living flowers, sport the bright flies of May,
Born of the water, squadrons of the stream,
O'er clover pink, o'er gold-hued woad that gleam,
And stalkless flowers or living emeralds seem.

And I saw in this sleepless dream and strange
The phantoms of my days, some flower crowned,
With rosy smiles; some, dragging silently,
But with majestic step, along the ground
Long mourning robes, and fixing hopelessly
Large hollow eyes, whose aspects never change!

* * * * *

And I thought at the hour the church's bells
Toll the last prayer—when the gray vapours rise
From forth the soil and mount up to the skies.
This is the incense which the Earth exhales,
The solemn prayer of all created things
Which thus on high to their Creator springs;
Each plant, each flower for this its odour brings;
The blue campanula that gems our fields,
The Alpine rose with roots in winter snows,

The great red cactuses Arabia yields,
And each sea-weed that 'neath the deep sea grows;
For this the bird gives its last wailing song,—
And man, the thoughts that to the hour belong!

THE FIRST OF MAY.

From the French of Alphonse Karr.

ROUND the old steeple with its purple spire
The rooks have, all the weary winter through,
Made their hoarse cawing heard, until anew
The swallow comes, and, twittering, doth aspire,
Like them, to wheel athwart the aether blue!

Awake! ye little genii of the air!
Ye frolic gnomes! 't is time to waken you!
'T is time to give back to the meadows fair
Their gladsome robes so fresh and green of hue,
And their wild flowers of odours rich and rare!

Ye loiterers! the maidens, bending low,
For near a month have sought 'neath withered leaves

The modest flowers that all men cherish so,
The scented flowers that the Wood Violet gives.

To work! ye cohorts gathering hastily:—
Tear open every bud of tree or flower
Whose leaves, close folded, wait impatiently
The sun's warm rays, the gentle, genial shower!

Take from the fields the wintry hue they have,
And, where the flocks are wont to come to drink,
Dissolve the crystal of the fountain wave,
And make the lucerne grow beside the brink,
The nests to hide, and thus the young broods save.

Hasten, ye gnomes! work on, 't will soon be night!
The pungent odours of the plants prepare,
Prepare the bloom so delicately bright
That the young peaches, newly ripened, wear,
Rose-tinted peaches mid green branches light.

Lo! yonder, at the cemetery's bound,
Is the low grave of a poor orphan child,—
No one comes near it, yet with flow'rets wild
The Earth, kind mother, each spring wreathes it round;

In early May it shows forth, duly crowned
With the wild garlands of the hawthorn tree.
The rose-tipped daisy there, too, doth abound!
Ye gnomes, watch o'er that grave unceasingly!

Hasten, ye sprites! for see, your hands discreet
Have yet another pleasant task to do,
Have yet to force the flow'rets, coyly sweet,
To ope their caskets to the sun and dew,
Their caskets filled with gems of varied hue
Of ruby red, of gold, of sapphire blue.
Lo! nature now herself hath dressed
In garb the brightest and the best,
The forest path with blossomed broom is gay,
Shining like gold beneath the sun of May!

Your task is ended! Let each joyous elf
Into some other shape transform himself:
A butterfly with silken wing,
A damsel fly, capricious thing,
Or honey-bee, still labouring
And mid the flowery treasures rioting!

Roll mid the flowers! Let the cétoine repose
His emerald wings on the white rose's breast,

Live in the rose, and feed upon the rose,
And find within the rose his endless rest!
While the proud lily, royal flower, receives
(A busy guest,) among its sheltering leaves
The lady-bird, who shows to wondering sight,
Like blood drop sprinkled on the petals white!

High holiday on earth, in air and sky!
Fair spring hath come to visit us again,
The sun with warmth clothes the poorest men,
And sorrow vanisheth, and misery!
Rejoicings in the sky and on the earth!
Spring is returned! What need we pomp or wealth,
Diamonds or sculptures rich? Far better, health
And spirits tuned to wild but harmless mirth!
High festival is kept on earth, in sky!—
A thousand unbought splendours greet the eye,
Illumination of the stars on high!—
Illumination of the flowers below:
For us *those* sparkle, and for us *these* blow,
And make our spirits leap, our grateful hearts to glow!

THE HAWTHORN OF VELICO.

(An Illyrian ballad, from the French of Prosper Merimee.)

JOHN VELICO had twelve fair sons: six fell beneath the sword
Of his fierce foes, the eastern beys at Obzavo's dark ford,
And five, whom he still dearer loved, upon Rebrovy's plain,
By the same stern foeman's hands unpityingly were slain!

The aged bey was blind and weak, of home and friends bereft,
And of his cherished sons but one, a feeble infant, left;
With him, his sole remaining hope, he crossed Mresvizza's wave.
Of George Estivanich, the bey, support and aid to crave.

And there a welcome warm and kind the hapless
pair received,
Their every wish was satisfied, their every want
relieved,
And when Estivanich's young wife brought forth
her first-born son,
In proof of friendship and regard, he named the
infant John!

At Easter, Velico's three foes in Kremen's city
met,
And at the well-replenished board in social talk were
set;
Of Velico's escape they spoke, and, warming at the
word,
They swore to slay his son and him before they
sheathed the sword.

On Whitsun Monday Jaguicoff, Spalatin, and
Aslar,
Heading a hundred warriors armed and equipped
for war,
Descended from their mountain holds upon the fer-
tile plain,
And watered at the Mresvizza the horses of their
train.

"What seek ye, eastern beys, within Estivanich s
own land?
Come ye in peace? if so, why thus attends an armed
band?"
"We seek Velico and his son, who must no longer
live,
And twenty Turkish horses in exchange we 'll gladly
give.

But if these foes you should refuse to our just wrath
to yield,
Their blood and yours alike shall flow in torrents on
the field".
"I will not give up Velico", Estivanich re-
plied,
"And at my call an armed host will pour from yon
hill-side".

Without replying e'en one word, then Theodore
Aslar
The head of George Estivanich clove with his
scimitar.
Theresa saw her husband fall—one piercing shriek
she gave,
Then called upon John Velico to fly, his life to
save.

"Nay, sir!" the aged boy replied, "I can not from
this place.

[illegible] stay for the last weak efforts of my
race."

"It shall be so!" Thomas cried,—her words
were scarcely o'er,

When the silver doorbells and their tongs came
shouting thro' the door.

Her eyes on that gray ship rested to where the
old man stood,

[illegible] his hoary head to earth, their salems
drank his blood!

"Thomas Watt" to whom [illegible] with Valor's
child,

[illegible]

[illegible] her child. "Now answer, sir, whose
Walter's son?"

"Nay, nay!" she cried, "you will not slay a helpless
little one!"—

"I will be, I will be!" Black cruel hearts nor ruth nor
pity knew,

And with his daughter Arthur the hapless infant
slew!

Twelve years are past.—Alexis, now a hardy hunter grown,
Thus spoke to her whom only as his mother he had known:
"Why hang those bloody robes upon the dwelling's inner wall?
Of some sad tale they seem to speak.—O mother! tell me all!"

"They are the robes of Velico, thy father, who was slain
By the fierce eastern beys, and yet doth unavenged remain;
And of George Estivanich, too, whose vengeance is undone,
Because, alas, and woe is me! my husband left no son!"

The hunter is grown pensive now, and seems in thought to pine,
He joins no more the merry chase, nor drinks the brandy wine,
But raises a brave band of men, well armed with gun and sword,
And upon Whitsun Monday morn the Mrawizza they ford!

The murderers were feasting high, a minstrel by
their side,
Who first Alexis and his band of warriors
espied:
"Arm, arm", he cried, "for yonder comes your
most inveterate foe!
A band of armed men approach with Alexis
Velico!"

Upon the word Aslar, with rage and sudden wrath
inflamed,
"Thou liest loud! thou dotard vile!" he bitterly
exclaimed,
"For many years have passed away since, with my
falchion true,
Upon his father's corse, the son of Velico I
slew!"

Scarce had he spoke, when shouts were heard,
"Revenge and Velico!"
The doors were burst, Alexis rushed like lightning
on the foe,
By other hands the others fell, but with his
scimitar
He severed from the trunk the head of Theodore
Aslar!

Rejoice! the eastern beys have met their well-deservéd doom!
The Hawthorn of Velico once more bursts forth in bloom!
Take down the bloody robes that hang upon the dwelling wall,
For well Alexis hath avenged the murdered chieftain's fall.

THE HORSEMAN AND THE LAKE.

(From the German of Gustavus Schab.)

OVER fields of snow the sun gleameth pale—
A horseman rides briskly across the vale;

He is heated with travelling through the cold snow,
For over Lake Constance to-day he must go;

To-day, with his horse, in a little bark,
He must cross the Bodensee ere it be dark.

A toilsome way, over thorn and stone,
This morn on his spirited horse he hath gone.

He hath come from the hills to the level land —
Before him the snow stretches out like sand.

Both village and town are left far behind;
O'er the smooth, straight path he goes like the wind.

Nor hillock nor house on the plain he espies,
The trees have vanished, the rocks likewise;

For a mile or two his horse seems to fly,
He hears in the air the snow-goose cry!

No other sound doth salute his ear,
Save the fluttering of the water hen near;

No traveller can he find to say
If he have followed the right way:

Like velvet his path o'er the snow doth seem;
When will Lake Constance before him gleam?

The shades of evening are falling around,
A light he espies on some distant ground;

Then out of the mist rises tree after tree,
And hills in the distance he doth see.

Over thorn and stone doth his pathway go,
He spurreth his horse that is waxing slow.

He sees from the hamlet the fire-light clear,
And the dogs they bark as his steed draws near.

"Maiden that look'st from the casement at me,
How far, how far from the lake may it be?"

The maid at him looks with a wondering eye—
"Behind thee the boat and the lake both lie;

And I 'd say, were the waters not frozen o'er,
Thou hast crossed in the boat from the German shore".

The stranger shuddered—he breathed with pain—
"Here have I ridden across a plain".

The maiden clasped her hands, then spake,
"Good Lord! thou hast ridden across the lake!

O'er the deep, o'er the waves so wild and strong,
Thy horse's hoofs have sped along,

And beneath thee the waters arose not in wrath!
And the ice it broke not under thy path!

And thou wert not the prey of the scaly brood,
Of the hungry pike in the chill, cold flood!"

She called all the village the wonder to see,—
The children around him flocked speedily,—

The mothers assembled—the graybeards even—
O happy man! thou art blessed by Heaven.

"Come, sit by our hearths—come, eat from our dish,
Break with us bread, and partake of our fish!"

The stranger as yet from his horse has not stirred,
Nought but the maiden's word has he heard,—

His heart's pulses stop, and up bristles his hair,
The danger that 's past seems still present there.

Of nought but the fearful abyss he thinks,
In its gloomy depths his spirit sinks;

The crackling of ice seems around him now,—
Like waves, the cold dew-drops of fear bathe his brow;

He sighs, he sinks from his horse to the ground,—
On the shore of Lake Constance *a grave* he hath found!

THE GARDEN.

From the French of Alphonse Karr.

IN spring, each year, when nature fills with green,
With balmy odours, and with joy each scene,—
When all is life, and all is love on Earth:

Among the lilacs and laburnum flowers
Sweet memories lurk, like fawns in forest bowers,
Sporting around my path with playful mirth.

Each flower that opes its petals to the day,
To me hath got some gentle phrase to say,
Some word that to the heart's core thrilleth me.

When flowereth in mid June the pure white rose,
Why bend I where it sheds its "sudden snows",
Gazing upon them sadly, thoughtfully?

Because the white rose, in that month of sweets,
To me these thirteen summers past repeats,
"See, John, thy *name day* 's not forgot by me!"

Each flow'ret hath its own low-whispered word,
Which to the very depths my heart hath stirred,
And yet, which soothes it most deliciously.

You know the plant that hangs itself from walls,
Like a green net o'er leaves and buds that falls,
Convolvolus, or bind-weed, which you will?

Its countless bells in sombre azure dyed,
Its countless bells at morn and eventide
To me a certain song are singing still!

A song of love, a simple, earnest song,
I made one day I had been waiting long
For HER, beneath the shadow of a tree!

Yonder the starry wall-flower, bright and gay
(The greatest babbler 'mong the flowers), doth say:
"Rememberest thou the days thou once didst see?

The places where thy life more swiftly sped?
The flight of steps that to the garden led,
The antique steps, moss-grown and gray of hue?

From out their crevices grew golden flowers,—
HER white robe touched them in the morning hours,
When on the violet glistened still the dew.

Then didst thou cull those plants of little worth,
And now on certain days thou bring'st them forth,
And to thy lips each withered leaf dost press".

Oft, too, when passing by the orange tree,
Which on yon terrace blossoming we see,
Its sighings softly to mine ear express:

"That glorious summer's eve rememberest thou,
When wandering here, joy painted on thy brow,
Thou didst evoke the future to appear?

And thou didst say to me: Fair orange tree,
Thine odorous petals open joyously,
Be proud and happy that thou bloomest here!

Be proud to cast thy snowy blossoms down,—
My love shall twine them in the graceful crown
She forms in braiding her rich chesnut hair!'"

Well—for these thirteen summers I retain
For her my blossoms every year in vain,
And waste mine odours on the empty air!

SAINT JOHN'S DAY.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

SWEET maidens, ope your sparkling eyes,
And hail the morning of Saint John;
To gather vervain quicky rise,
If you delay, 't will all be gone!
Haste! upon the meadows green
The sun's first gilding rays are seen;
See, the grass with flowers is spread,
Gather them all, blue, white, and red,
And then entwining garlands fair
With them, wreath the Boy God's hair!

CHORUS.

Sweet maidens, ope, etc.

Maidens, lo! the day's bright birth,
How it gladdens all the Earth!
Hark, the little birds repeat
To the sun their welcome sweet;

See how his refulgent beam
Glitters on the limpid stream,
Upon whose banks a pleasant shade
From the sun the elms have made.

CHORUS.

Sweet maidens, ope, etc.

Gather the rose, the violet blue,
The jasmine sweet, the pansy too,
The hyacinth, the lily fair,
And every flower of beauty rare,
With them twining garlands bright
Wreath the Boy God's locks of light!

CHORUS.

Sweet maidens, ope your sparkling eyes,
It is the morning of Saint John,
To gather vervain quickly rise,
If you delay, 't will all be gone!

DORIBEL.

(From the Spanish.)

DORIBEL, ungrateful fair!
Cupid, of thy golden hair
Made a string for that false bow,
The cause of so much bitter woe.

To me he, laughing, cried, "We 'll see
If still thou 'lt mock my power and me!"
Then, choosing out his keenest dart,
The urchin aimed it at my heart!

"Cupid", I said, "thine arrows throw
Aside, nor longer use thy bow;
For, armed alone with that bright hair,
Resist thy power what mortal dare?"

SONNET.

(From the French of De Balzac.)

THE DAISY.

I AM the Daisy, once the fairest flower
Of all that star the soft, green dewy grass!
I hoped my days in calm content to pass,
For I was blest, my beauty my sole dower.
But ah! a wondrous and mysterious power
Hath shed upon my brow its fatal light;
I am a prophet in mine own despite,
Hence do I die—knowledge brings death, alas!
No longer silence or repose are mine;—
The lover will through me his fate divine,
And tears my heart to learn if he alone
Be loved. O'er my destruction none e'er grieve,—
My brow they of its snowy crown bereave,
And crush me in the dust—my secret known!

SIR AXEL AND THE LADY ILSA.

A BALLAD.

(From the Danish of Ochlenschlager.)

IT was the knight Sir Axel
Rode up the castle height
To woo the Lady Ilsa,
A maid of beauty bright.
He wooed the Lady Ilsa,
That sweet and lovely maid,—
But one short month thereafter
In dark, cold earth was laid!

It was the Lady Ilsa,
Her heart was crushed and cold,
She heard the knight Sir Axel
Moving beneath the mould!
Up stood the knight Sir Axel,
In his arms his coffin bore,
And ghastly, in his grave clothes,
Stood at fair Ilsa's door!

Then at her door thrice knocked he,
And said in hollow tone,
"Let in your true love, Ilsa,
For soon he must be gone".
Then up rose Lady Ilsa,
Undid the chamber door—
There stood the knight Sir Asel
She thought to see no more!

When thou art calm and cheerful,
And look'st with hope on High,
Then ever blooming roses
Upon my coffin lie;
When thou giv'st way to sorrow,
Wailing in mournful mood,
Oh! then my mouldering coffin
It overflows with blood!

Already doth the red cock
Call to the grave so lone,
Fair Ilsa, I must leave thee
And to my grave begone!
Look up, see in the heavens
Yon little star so bright,
Already how it paleth
Before the morning light!"

Then up looked Lady Ilsa,
Up to that star looked she,
And in his grave sank Axel,
For nothing else could be!
But Ilsa's heart was woeful,
She wept both night and day,
And in one month thereafter
In dark, cold earth she lay!

AVE MARIA.

(From the French of De Geramb.)

AVE Maria!
'T is the evening hour,
The bell tolls from the abbey tower,
Ave Maria!
Like to the lisping sounds
Uttered by infant's tongue,
The village bell resounds,
Slowly and softly swung!
Ave Maria!

Three times the bell is rung,—
The pious plaint
(Now loud, now faint),
The *Angelus*, is sung.
Ave Maria!
'T is the solemn hour,
The bell tolls from the abbey tower.
Ave Maria!

Unto high Heaven arise
The sounds like pious words,
Even as a flock of birds
That seek their native skies.
Ave Maria!
'T is the evening hour,
The bell tolls from the abbey tower.
Ave Maria!

It seems that Mary's voice
Prays for us in that sound,
That angels hover round,
And bid our hearts rejoice!
Ave Maria!
'T is the evening hour,
The bell tolls from the abbey tower.
Ave Maria!

And when the bell invites,
With slow and silvery sound,
All the good Christians round
To join in pious rites,
'T is said an angel fair,
Fresh from the Heavenly choir,
Strikes with his wings of fire,
The bell that summons there!
Ave Maria!

As when, in ancient days,
The Angel Gabriel paid
To Mary, purest maid,
In words this meed of praise,
Ave Maria!
May our prayers mount the sky
Unto the Virgin Queen,
And be like incense seen
Before God's throne on high!
Ave Maria!
Lo! the day is done,
And the solemn hour,
When the bell tolls from the tower,
Is past and gone!

WINTER.

(Translated from the German of Edward Schultz.)

THERE sitteth a crow, so large and still,
And looks into my room from my window sill.

While fast from the gray, cloudy sky falls the snow
In thick white flakes on the Earth below.

The crow looks in at me with a chilly air,—
"Why art thou so sad, thou pale man sitting there?"

"A winter within my own heart do I hold,—
'T is that makes me silent, and sad, and cold;

A winter both gloomy, and harsh, and hoar,
My heart is benumbed and frozen o'er.

From off thy pinions thou shakest the snow,—
Thou soarest on high, I remain with my woe

O would that I could but so cheerily
Shake off the winter that weighs on me!

NOTES.

NOTE 1, *p.* 17.—*The Sister's Lament.*

These lines are founded on the following facts:—

A young lady (nearly related to the author) accompanied her married sister, with the husband and sister of the latter, to South America, about the year 1822–23, and died of the fever of the country in the Island of Margarita, where the party had been forced to remain, in consequence of the distracted state of affairs on the continent, where war had again broken out, and to give up their original intention of proceeding to Carthagena, there to establish a branch of a mercantile house with which Mr. N. was connected in England. Immediately after the young lady's death, the survivors returned home.

NOTE 2, p. 31.—*The Father's Lament for his Sons.*

The "Wild Geese" (line 1, verse 8) is the now well-known name first given to the Irish who accompanied James the

Second to France, and which, up to the latter end of the last century, was applied to those youths (many of them of high family) who volunteered into the French service, being prohibited by unjust laws from entering the army in their own country.

This translation, made when the Translator was very young, was printed by the late Mr. Crofton Croker, in a publication of the Percy Society, entitled, "The Keen of the *South of Ireland*".

Note 3, p. 36.—*Stanzas on reading in the Eighth Number of Moore's Melodies, the lines beginning, "The dream of those days".*

These lines are the expression of the naturally indignant feelings of the author, roused by the very strange and unfair attack covertly conveyed in the verses above named.

They were written *à trait de plume*, and sent by some *good-natured* friend to *Moore*, who was pleased to remark in the following flattering terms: "They show the writer is a good daughter, and a true-hearted Irishwoman".

Note 4, p. 38.—*Cora, a Favourite Poodle, etc.*

This little *jeu d'esprit* was written to gratify a very kind old friend of the author's youth, the late Dowager Lady Esmonde.

one of the best, most sensible, and benevolent of women, and also a *warm patriot.* The dog in question had been taught a variety of tricks, purporting to prove its staunch patriotism, by an old servant of Lady Esmonde. It was not very long after the great Waterford election of 1826.

NOTE 5, p. 57.—*Morton Devereux to Isora.*

This paraphrase appeared in a local magazine, and was honoured by the approbation of Sir E. B. Lytton Bulwer.

NOTE 6, p. 65.—*Address of certain Ladies to the Earl of Mulgrave.*

This little squib was suggested by the rudeness of the military gentlemen who in those days attended the drawing-rooms, and which the address does not at all exaggerate. Let us hope that at the present day they have become more courteous. The author has seen (about the year 1834–5) a young officer of rank seize upon a solitary arm chair in one of the ante-rooms, while at least a hundred ladies stood around him, and remain calmly seated there. A change in the arrangements had made the annoyance much greater at the period the trifle in question was written and sent *incognito* to the excellent Viceroy.

NOTE 7, p. 68.—*To the Queen.*

These lines are the heartfelt expression of the author's feelings towards the Queen, who had but just ascended the throne, and among whose first acts was one of justice and kindness to Ireland. The author sees with pleasure and pride that, although evil advisers may since have in some degree lessened the Queen's regard for this country, yet that upon the whole her Majesty's career has amply justified the expectations which are expressed of her in the abovementioned piece.

NOTE 8, p. 73.—*Lines on a Child and Lily Branch.*

These lines were written at the request of Mr. Basil Montague, to illustrate a picture.

NOTE 9, p. 75.—*The Fishers' choice.*

This is related, word for word, as I heard it from the lips of my dear father, who had seen the men in question. They looked for no reward, and seemed to think they had done nothing remarkable. These lines have appeared in a local magazine called the *Citizen*.

NOTE 10, p. 81.—*The Daisy.*

I have been particular in noting the year these lines were written, some time before their publication in the *Citizen* in

1840 or 1841, because some time since I found in an old volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* lines to a "Daisy", by Delta (Moir), in which the turn and thought of many of the expressions of the words are found. I forget the date of the publication, but it was some years after mine had appeared. It is not a coincidence, but yet I would not like to pass for a plagiarist, and my lines were certainly first written and published.

Note 11, p. 84.—*The Woods of Caillino.*

Mr. Lover in his preface to, I think, his *Irish Lyrics*, has honoured me with a note upon this poem, which was published in the *Irish Monthly Magazine* or *Citizen*, I forget which. I had originally written it *Kyleoe*, which is the spelling used in the Queen's County, where the word in question is. I afterwards used the spelling *Caillino*, being told by Irish scholars that it was the correct way. The words literally mean "The Young Wood". *Oge* being a corruption of *oge*, young. The air was given me by a dear friend. It is very pathetic, but so will I not to defy my efforts to suit it with words that could be sung.

Note 12, p. 92.—*Sonnets at Strasbourg.*

I continued to have been illgotly blown in 1831 with the democratic mania that so prevalent in France: it was nearly impossible to resist it at Strasbourg. At a concert given by

charity, the Polish exiles (who have been, and still are, so shamefully thrown overboard by the liberal (*soi disant*) party in England and elsewhere)—they entered the theatre bearing their banner, the White Eagle of Poland. The sonnets are a faithful transcript of the feelings of the moment.

NOTE 13, p. 94.—*Fi de la Vie.*

All are familiar with the sad fate of the gifted Margaret of Scotland, whom her husband, afterwards the vile and perfidious Louis the Eleventh, meanly abandoned to the slanders (quite unfounded) of the court. Her death, under the circumstances of the poem, followed.

NOTE 14, p. 105.—*Impromptu Sonnet.*

The circumstances under which this sonnet was composed are literally these. Visiting at the Palazzo Politi in Recanati along with an Italian friend, the owners showed me the autograph of my father, which produced the impromptu in question. Signor Marzio Politi has honoured my poor effusion by translating it into the beautiful language of his country.

NOTE 15, p. 106.—*On the Recall of Lord Carlisle.*

These lines, poor as I feel them in composition, speak truly the feelings that brought them forth. Happily our excellent Viceroy was soon restored to us.

NOTE 16, p. 115.—*To the Marquis of Normanby.*

This sonnet is but an attempt to embody the sentiments of gratitude and admiration which Lord Normanby's manly, generous, and upright conduct on the occasion referred to, as well as in everything relating to the cause of Italy, inspired. Such qualities, however, do not surprise those who know Lord Normanby as the Irish people have cause to do. May he go on and prosper in his efforts to serve the cause of truth and justice.

NOTE 17, p. 132.—*Sonnet* V.

As death has removed the Grand Duchess Stephanie from this world, there is nothing fulsome in the open expression of praise and gratitude so justly due to her by me. The distinguished kindness received from that illustrious lady, at Manheim, in the winter of 1846, as also in 1847,—her most kind and cordial sympathy in the domestic afflictions which beset the present writer—can never be forgotten. The allusions in the last lines of the sonnet are to the romantic story of Caspar Hauser, the mysterious boy, which is still a riddle in Germany, solved by most by supposing him to have been of royal blood, removed by the unscrupulous next heir to a throne. It is certain that a few years previous to my visit to Manheim, the accidental revelation to the Grand Duchess Stephaine, of the general opinion relative to Caspar Hauser (which until then had been concealed from her), caused her a severe fit of

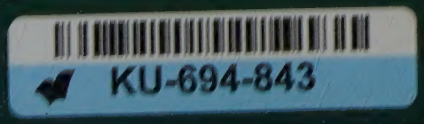
illness. While speaking of the sympathy expressed to me in 1847 by the Grand Duchess, it would be unfair as well as ungrateful not to state that the late admirable Grand Duchess Ida, of Saxe Weimar, then a resident of that town, with her husband and family, were foremost in offering their kind condolences; other persons, both English and German, however different in politics, were prominent in expressing admiration of O'Connell and kind feeling towards his family.

NOTE 18, p. 116.—*The Boy of Normandy.*

This slight dramatic sketch (written that my eldest grandson might perform the principal part in it at school) can claim but one merit,—that it is a faithful transcript of the extracts from old chronicles given in Edward le Glay's most admirable history of *Les Comtes de Flandres.*

THE END.

J. F. FOWLER, Printer, 3 Crow Street, Dame Street, Dublin.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